

NOVEMBER 12, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 624.—Vol. XXIV.

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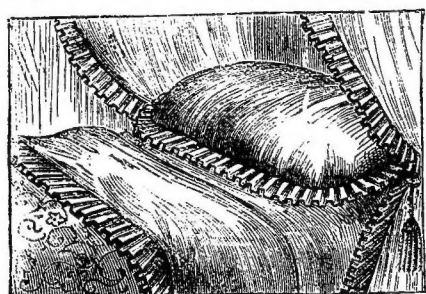
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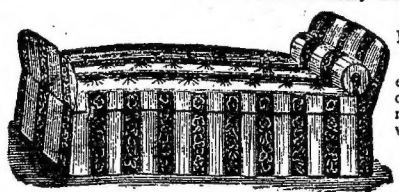
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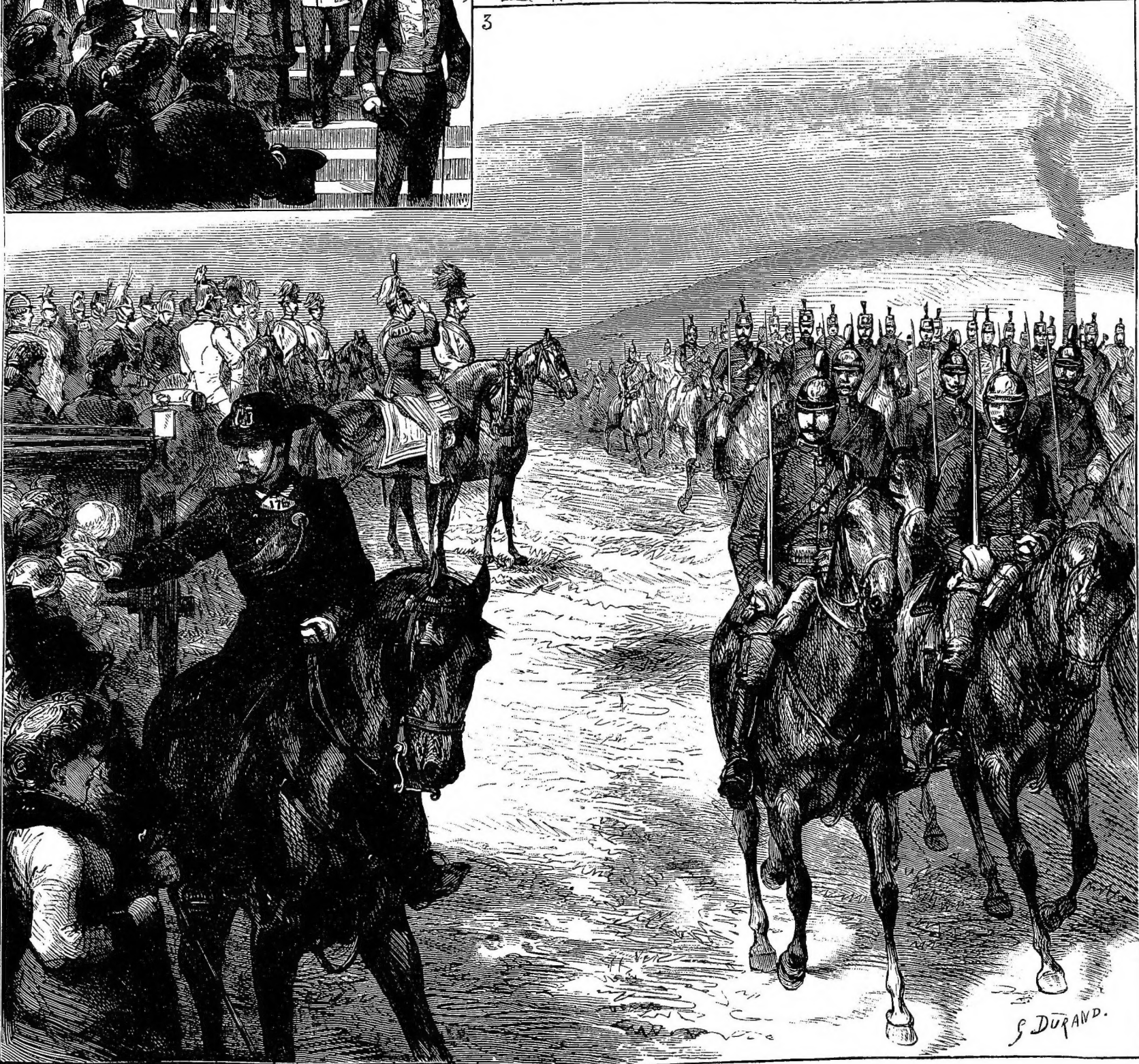
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 624.—VOL. XXIV.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881

PRICE SIXPENCE
[Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



1. The Arrival at the Railway Station : The Emperor of Austria Escorting the Queen to the Carriage.—2. King Humbert at the Hunting-Party at Himberg.—3. The Review Before the King and the Emperor on the Champ de Mars.

THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY TO VIENNA

Topics of the Week

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—The tone of the Ministerial speeches at the Corporation banquet was hopeful, it may almost be said jubilant. This might have been expected; for it is unquestionable that the anxieties which the Liberals say they inherited from their predecessors, but which the Conservatives declare the Liberals have brought upon themselves, have been greatly lessened. Our retreat from Afghanistan has not proved such a disaster as was feared by some, for our chosen successor holds his own there pretty firmly; the Boers, somewhat sullenly, it must be admitted, have ratified the Treaty; the Greek claims on Turkey, which at one time threatened war, have been satisfactorily arranged; and lastly, the condition of Ireland, though far from what it should be, is better than it was a few weeks since. It may, therefore, be frankly admitted that the optimistic vein which pervaded the speeches of Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone was not altogether unwarranted. In the Premier's address there are one or two points concerning which a few words may be advisable. The City Corporation evidently regard Mr. Gladstone as an ogre who before long means to eat them up. There was something almost pathetic in the Lord Mayor's exclamation: "We believe in our institutions—institutions that have stood the test of centuries." The crafty Premier refused to be drawn by this hint; in his reply he merely alluded to the City in the highly-polite style usual on such occasions. But there can be little doubt that he and his colleagues seriously plan a change in the municipal government of London, either by the creation of kindred municipalities outside the City, or by the extension of the jurisdiction of the existing Corporation. But neither this nor any other reform can be effected so long as Obstruction rears its head in the House of Commons. On this subject Mr. Gladstone spoke with portentous solemnity. Our own belief is that while certain regulations of the House which have become antiquated might be altered to suit modern requirements, there is no need to trespass on the legitimate rights of minorities, as Sir Stafford Northcote evidently fears the Government may be inclined to do. The only really formidable obstruction proceeds from a handful of Irish members, whose real object is to sever the legislative connection with England, and who hope to gain Home Rule by making themselves supremely troublesome. Surely a Government which does not hesitate to keep Irish M.P.'s under lock and key at Kilmainham may contrive effectually to repress their misdirected zeal in the House without recasting the whole system of Parliamentary procedure.

FRANCE AND TUNIS.—The debate on the Tunisian expedition would have been more exciting if the fate of the Government had depended on the result. M. Ferry took care to deprive it of this element of interest by announcing that, whatever might be the decision of the Chamber, he and his colleagues intended to resign. This may not have been very dignified, but it was at any rate prudent, since France had unmistakably shown that the time had come for M. Gambetta to assume office. The effect of the debate has been to discredit M. Ferry's Ministry even more seriously than its critics and opponents anticipated. The frontier tribes may have given trouble to the administrators of Algeria, but no adequate answer has been offered to the charge that the real explanation of the expedition is to be found in the relation of the Government to the Bona-Guelma railway, the Enfidra estate, and the Crédit Foncier. In his references to these financial undertakings M. Clemenceau, in his masterly speech, limited himself strictly to facts set forth in the Yellow Book; and he made out a sufficiently good case to produce a strong impression on public opinion. M. Ferry boasted that by the occupation of Kairwan France had struck a mortal blow at Moslem fanaticism in North Africa; but even this is by no means certain, since the Arabs did not confess themselves beaten by the surrender of their holy city. They knew that it could not hold out against modern artillery, and wisely preferred to retreat to distant regions, where it would be difficult for the enemy to overtake them. Nobody doubts, of course, that France, if she pleases, can conquer the country thoroughly, but she can do so only at a cost far beyond the worth of the advantages she hopes to secure. At the utmost the war can have but one good result; it may, perhaps, serve to warn future French Governments against the danger of expending national resources in support of private interests.

WORKING OF THE LAND ACT.—The majority of Irish tenant-farmers are quite shrewd enough to see that it is better to try for half a loaf with a fair chance of getting it, than to try for a whole loaf with a perilous risk of failure. The recommendation, therefore, of the more violent agitators that no rent at all should be paid is not likely to be extensively followed. Indeed, it seems clear that the Land Act has proved, at least in one sense, a signal success. There is no likelihood of the Commissioners becoming sinecurists. They are overwhelmed with work. Applications pour in by the thousand. New Sub-Commissioners have been appointed to aid in relieving the strain. Yet, in spite of this, if every disputed case were to be brought before the Court, the official rent-value of Irish land could scarcely be fully determined before a new century had begun. No doubt,

however, many of the earlier cases brought before the Court will be regarded as test-cases, and landlords will be all the more ready to effect a compromise with their tenants, because the Sub-Commissioners, at all events, have hitherto shown a tendency to favour the tenants rather than the landlords. Meanwhile, there is one class to whom the Land Act has proved an inestimable benefit. The lawyers are having a glorious time of it. Everybody is either litigating, or taking steps to avoid litigation, and these are just the two conditions of human affairs which put money into the lawyer's pocket. It is not wonderful that the Irish peasantry should be excited by the temptations of the Land Act. Supposing that Mr. Gladstone, with similar ardour, and equal defiance of economical laws, were to take up the case of the hundreds of thousands of persons who in Great Britain pay rent for their houses. Supposing he promised a general reduction of rent, based on some antiquated valuation, and also proposed to pay tenants for "the unexhausted improvements," which, at any rate in the better class of houses, have more often than not been executed at the cost of the tenant, though they remain the permanent property of the landlord. Why, we should crowd the new Court "in our thousands," as Mr. Odger used to say. And it is not easy to understand how that which Mr. Gladstone says is good for the Irish goose can be bad for the English gander.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S POSITION.—It was natural that the success of the German Liberals in the recent elections should lead to reports as to the intended resignation of Prince Bismarck. For the present, however, these rumours do not deserve to receive much attention. The Chancellor has frequently offered to resign, and it would not follow, even if he spoke of retiring from office, that he really meant to fulfil his threat. He has committed many mistakes in his manner of dealing with the German people; but in his management of their foreign relations he has been the most successful Minister of modern times. Germany feels herself absolutely secure from attack, and although this is, no doubt, partly due to the general condition of Europe, it must also be attributed in part to Prince Bismarck's personal influence. This is understood both by his friends and his enemies; and he himself is probably too well aware of it to think of withdrawing from public life until he has absolutely no alternative. At the same time it is true that the constitution of the new Reichstag is likely to give him serious trouble. There is still some doubt whether he could form a majority even by a coalition of the Conservatives and the Catholics; and in any case he is apparently not inclined to make such concessions as would induce the Catholics to support him. The Catholics, on the other hand, are now so strong that they are naturally tempted to pursue a perfectly independent policy. So far as can be seen at present, there is no possible combination of parties that could provide either Prince Bismarck or anybody else with a stable majority. The result may be that all important legislation will be rendered for a time impracticable. This is unsatisfactory enough, but Germany would have been in a still worse position had she been forced to accept Prince Bismarck's crude, semi-Socialistic schemes.

THE LEFROY CASE.—Now that the trial is over we may venture to say that no sensible person doubted the prisoner's guilt ever since his clandestine disappearance from Wallington, and this is further proved by the feebleness of the defence made by an experienced criminal barrister. Most people too, unless they are red-hot humanitarians, will rejoice that the perpetrator of a singularly deliberate and cold-blooded murder, of which any one of us might have been the victim, has been condemned to forfeit his life. Perhaps it was this instinctive feeling (as in the Müller case sixteen years ago) that poor Mr. Gold typified the entire British public which made people take such an extraordinary interest in the murder and its consequences. Otherwise the details were in themselves dull and prosaic; there was an entire lack of that element of grisly romance which usually makes itself manifest when (as in the Wainwright case) a woman is the victim; and, lastly, feeling sure that Lefroy was the man, one felt less inclined to toil through a tale which had already been given *ad nauseam* in the police-court and at the coroner's inquest. The writer of these lines, however, was perhaps an exceptional individual, for on Tuesday evening last London streets literally echoed with the hoarse shouts of the newsvendors—"Lefroy! Verdict and sentence!" and standing on a suburban railway platform he noticed that every masculine nose in the train, as it steamed out of the station, was buried in the folds of a newspaper. Prince Bismarck is, rightly or wrongly, accused of hatching various bold and hazardous enterprises. Should he ever plot against the security of the British Empire, and yet desire to divulge his schemes without attracting the victim's notice, let him choose a time when John Bull is absorbed in a *cause célèbre*. Five or six columns devoted to Lefroy would leave enterprising newspaper editors very little room to discuss such a trivial little event as a proposed partition of India by France, Germany, and Russia.

"THE STAGE AS IT IS."—In his interesting address on this subject the other evening Mr. Irving offered an effective reply to the objections which are still sometimes urged against the stage. The fact, however, that he was asked to deliver such an address in Edinburgh may be regarded as

a tolerably decisive indication that the prejudices which were once so powerful are gradually losing their force. They ought now, perhaps, to be treated mainly as a "survival." At one time the opposition of the clergy to the theatre was justified by facts; and the feeling which thus originated continues to some extent, even when the evils complained of have ceased to exist. The same thing is true of dancing, which is still heartily detested by many people who do not realise that what was formerly associated with pernicious practices has now become an innocent amusement. Some advocates of the theatre, in their zeal for their favourite institution, do more harm than good by insisting on what they call its "high moral influence." Mr. Irving carefully avoided this error; but it is a mistake often committed by upholders of the stage, especially by those who deal with the question in Church Congresses and similar assemblies. Ethical improvement never has been, and never ought to be, the aim of the drama. Its end is achieved if it complies with its special artistic conditions; and it is only by becoming great as an art that it can ever take the place it occupied in Greece and in Elizabethan England. Mr. Irving did not go too far when he claimed that the English stage has shown many signs of renewed vitality within the last few years. If we still borrow too much from the French, the public have manifested full appreciation of native talent; and (thanks in part to Mr. Irving himself) we have now a better school of actors than any that has existed since the retirement of Mr. Macready.

THE DESFORD RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—This disaster, by which five persons lost their lives, was indirectly due to the great storm of October 14th. The wind blew down the semaphore which mechanically regulated the points, and, pending its re-erection, the duty of attending to the points was entrusted to human agency. The signal-box was not kept as private as it should have been, people were in the habit of congregating there, and when, on the day of the accident, the express train dashed through at the rate of sixty-four miles an hour, it was diverted into a siding, through Butler, the pointsman, having, by his own confession, neglected to replace the points after a coal-train had passed, and hence a terrible collision took place. The coroner's jury delivered a verdict of manslaughter against the pointsman; censured the railway officials for putting up the semaphore insecurely in the first instance, and for not re-erecting it more speedily; and recommended the universal adoption of continuous brakes. A continuous brake would not probably have averted the smash at Desford, the siding being so short, but it would have lessened its violence. It is questionable whether the use of continuous brakes should not be made obligatory, especially on trains travelling at a high rate of speed. At present only eleven per cent. of the railway rolling stock is provided with continuous brakes of which the Board of Trade approve, and two-thirds of the existing carriages have no brakes at all. Under the best of systems, human frailty will always render collisions possible, and therefore the speediest method of checking the momentum of a train should in all cases be provided.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES AND THE POOR.—It appears from a return prepared by the Local Government Board that on the 31st of March, 1881, there were in 576 workhouses 11,304 paupers, "of whom 7,391 had ceased to be members of benefit societies through non-payment of contributions, withdrawal, or dismissal, and 3,913 through the breaking-up of their societies." This throws much light on the working of many of these associations. It would be unfair to dispute that benefit societies have been of great advantage to the working classes; but it is clear that a considerable proportion of them altogether fail to accomplish the object for which they are instituted. Most of these poor people would now have been in receipt of a regular allowance if they had invested their money in a proper way; and it may be feared that heavy losses have been inflicted in a similar manner on many others who have managed to keep themselves out of "The Union." It is easy to suggest that the registration of every Benefit Society should be made compulsory under the Friendly Societies' Acts; but this would be attended by insuperable practical difficulties; and, besides, experience has shown that registration is not always a perfect safeguard. The facts which have now been disclosed ought, however, to have some effect in inducing the working classes to turn their attention to the facilities provided by the Post Office for insurance on a small scale. Hitherto these facilities have been strangely neglected, yet they offer a solid boon to everybody who chooses to take advantage of it. The most effective way of making the Post Office insurance popular would, perhaps, be to develop the system of school savings-banks. If our people were trained from early youth to habits of thrift, they would be less inclined in later years than they are now to entrust their savings to insecure private institutions.

CHEAP BOOKS.—At the time when Mrs. Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam" was reproduced in a cheap form, we made some remarks on this subject, and we return to it again now that Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" is to be made obtainable for half-a-crown. Apart from the individual interest of the biography of the Prince, this work contains a valuable survey of the history of the world during an eventful period of twenty years, and therefore we may claim it as one of those solid books which, as we

said in our former article, we wish to see greatly reduced in price. We hold the circulating library system to be a vicious system, and that it conduces to the production of a terrible lot of trash, still, if readers of novels and what is usually called light literature like it, it is difficult to see how to get rid of it. A new novel by an author of known eminence might possibly sell profitably if brought out, after the French fashion, in a paper cover at the price of a shilling a volume, but it is doubtful whether the works of unknown and second-rate personages would thus find a market. The public is quite content to wait two or three years for them, until they have reached the cheap-edition stage. It is rather for solid literature that we plead the attractions of cheapness. If a sensible man were forming a small library—say of a hundred volumes or so—every one knows, even after allowing for variety of tastes, the sort of books he would buy. Many of these books are now very dear. We want to see them cheaper. If they were, many more small libraries would be formed than is now the case. People have so many wants nowadays that they require everything cheap. It is wonderful how many well-furnished houses there are where there are scarcely any books except the weekly box from Mudie's, and an ancient family collection which nobody reads.

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AGRICULTURAL CHART

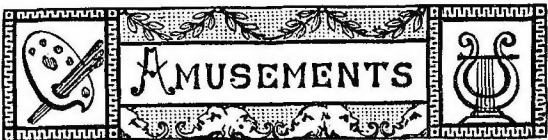
by the well-known Agricultural Writer,

MR. H. KAINS-JACKSON,

showing the Comparative Food Production of

THE CHIEF COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD.

By means of Coloured Diagrams are compared the yields of the various cereals, such as wheat, rye, maize, &c.; the WHEAT AND FLOUR IMPORTS into the United Kingdom for the past five years; the hop and grape average harvest; and the amount of live stock, including horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep, for the current year.



THE EIGHTH GRAND ANNUAL FANCY DRESS POLO and UNITED COUNTRIES HUNT BALL (under the auspices of the INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB, and most noble and distinguished patronage) will be held in the ROYAL PAVILION, Brighton, on WEDNESDAY, November 23. The whole suite of rooms will be elaborately and beautifully decorated. Tickets only issued on the production of a Voucher signed by a Lady Patroness, Steward, or Member of the Club, of whom a List and full particulars will be sent on application to the Secretary at 173, Piccadilly. THE INTERNATIONAL PROMENADE CONCERT takes place in the HOME the following afternoon.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. EVERY EVENING, at Seven. THE DOWNFALL OF PRIDE. Mesdames Adams, Eversleigh, Lewis, Maretti Nash; Messrs. Newbound, Drayton Leslie, Cameron, Bigwood, Murdock, Pitt. Concert. E. Mosedale, Mons. Renhard, Maude Verner and Charles Ross. Concluding (Wednesday and Saturday excepted), with THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN. Mesdames Adams, Newham; Messrs. Haynes, Reynolds, Henry, Lewis, Allen. Wednesday, AURORA FLOYD. Saturday, CARTOUCHE.

SEVENTEENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' FRESH PROGRAMME, Introduced for the first time on the occasion of the inauguration of their Seventeenth Year at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Monday, September 19th, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, 3 and 8. See The Times, Daily News, Daily Chronicle, Morning Post, and Morning Advertiser on Tuesday, September 20th, on the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Tickets and Places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 a.m. ST. ANDREW'S DAY, NOVEMBER 30, GRAND SCOTTISH CONCERT.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain, St. George's Hall, Langham Place. Last representations of CHERRY TREE FARM, YE FANCIE FAIRE, 1881, and ALL AT SEA. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at eight. Thursday and Saturday at three. Admission, 1s., 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Monday, Nov. 14, First time of a New Musical Sketch, OUT OF TOWN, by Mr. Corney Grain, followed by "No. 204," by F. C. Burnard and German Reed. The revival of AGES AGO is unavoidably postponed through indisposition.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity," The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM, and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND. Now on view. RORKE'S DRIFT, by A. De NEUVILLE, An exceedingly fine Etching. Just Published. Also BIONDINA, by SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. ENGRAVED BY S. COUSINS, R.A.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Benjamin Constant's New Picture, "Present to the Ameer," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket, next door to the Theatre. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pier. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton Through Bookings to Brighton from Principal Stations On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts. A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants, From Victoria to Brighton, at 11.15 a.m. every Weekday.

GRAND AQUARIUM AND PAVILION. Military and other Concerts every Saturday Afternoon. For which the above Saturday Cheap Tickets are available.

NEW ROUTE TO WEST BRIGHTON. By the Direct Line via Preston Park. A Morning Up and Evening Down Fast Train. Every Weekday between London Bridge and West Brighton.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service every Weeknight, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

HAVRE.—Passengers booked through by this route every Weeknight from Victoria and London Bridge as above. HONFLEUR, TROUVILLE, CAEN, &c.—Passengers booked through from Victoria and London Bridge, via Littlehampton, every Monday and Wednesday.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE FORTHCOMING CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE GRAPHIC."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE GRAPHIC for last year was a noteworthy event in the annals of the Publishing Trade. By far the largest edition ever put forth of any publication was then issued. The whole number was disposed of to the Trade in a few hours, with the usual result that many copies were afterwards sold to the public at 50s per cent. premium. Many cases of disappointment occurred, and numerous actions at law were instituted against the proprietors for failing to supply the orders given. This year, in order to endeavour to keep pace with the annually increasing demand, there will be printed One Hundred Thousand Copies in excess of last year. This may appear very easy, but it is in reality a bold and hazardous feat, the outlay being so large, and the margin of profit so narrow. Among the improvements introduced in the forthcoming number it may be mentioned that the Print "OUT OF REACH" (for which an important picture has been painted by Mr. P. H. CALDERON, R.A.) will be larger than "CHERRY RIFE," and instead of some coloured and some tinted engravings as last year, every picture will be in Colours.

LIST OF COLOURED PICTURES. "OUT OF REACH," by P. H. Calderon, R.A.

MR. CARLYON'S CHRISTMAS AS NOTED IN HIS DIARY. Sixteen Illustrations by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. A CHRISTMAS TRANSFORMATION. Two Illustrations by C. J. STANLAND. CHRISTMAS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Six Illustrations by W. WALSTON. THE FESTIVE SEASON. By J. C. DOLMAN. FRUIT FROM THE CHRISTMAS TREE. By ARTHUR HOPKINS. CHRISTMAS IN INDIA. By E. K. JOHNSON. CHRISTMAS IN CANADA. By TOWNLEY GREEN. CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA. By G. KILBURN. CHRISTMAS AT HOME. By G. DURAND. STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUD-DING. By HENRY WOODS. A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED. By JOHN CHARLTON. BRINGING IN THE PEACOCK. By PERCY MACQUINN. A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK. By E. K. JOHNSON. A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S CHRISTMAS DAY. By F. VILLIERS.

LIST OF TALES.

MARS BEING IN THE EIGHTH HOUSE. By CLAUD TEMPLER. THE WHITE LADY OF HILLBURY. By Mrs. DESPARD. ONE OF A THOUSAND. By ELLEN PERRONET THOMPSON. LADY FLORA'S STRANGE ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF A DOCTOR. By ARTHUR LOCKER. A SEASONABLE HAMPER. By C. L. KENWORTHY.

Ready December 5.

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NOW READY. VOLUME XXIII.

THE GRAPHIC

Handsomely bound in blue cloth, gilt letters and gilt edges, containing all the numbers from Jan. 1 to June 30, 1881. Price 20s., or carriage free to any address in England on receipt of cheque for 21s.



THE KING OF ITALY AT VIENNA

KING HUMBERT's visit to Vienna was an unqualified success. By the special invitation of the Empress he brought Queen Margherita with him, and the Royal couple were welcomed both in the capital and throughout their journey not merely with official but with enthusiastic demonstrations of good will. They reached Vienna on the evening of the 27th ult., and were received by the Emperor and the Crown Prince. On the arrival of the train the Emperor shook hands with the King, and, helping the Queen out of the carriage, kissed her hand, and offering her his arm, led her down the station steps, the King following behind with the Crown Prince. Foremost amongst the various festivities and ceremonials was a grand review which was held on the following morning on the Champ de Mars of Vienna. The King wore the uniform of an Italian General, and the white plumes of his hat so terrified the horse which had been provided for him that he could not mount it. A second charger was brought, but proved no more tractable, and finally a third steed was led forward with his head covered, and the King succeeded in mounting him. The march-past is described as a most brilliant sight, and it was curious to note that the banners of many of the regiments were inscribed with the names of hard-fought battles against the nation in honour of whose king they were now assembled. The Queen and the Crown Princess and numerous Archduchesses were present on the field in carriages, despite the cold, the thermometer only standing a few degrees above freezing point. Next day, October 29th, there was a hunting party at Himberg, a few miles from Vienna, where some 600 beaters urged the game towards a net drawn opposite the sportsmen. Several thousand hares were thus killed, ninety falling to the share of the King, who had five jägers constantly at work loading and handing him their rifles. On the 31st ult. the King and Queen left Vienna, having by their visit considerably strengthened the *entente cordiale* between the two nations, and done much towards healing bygone grievances.

GUY FAWKES DAY ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

THE Guy was manufactured in a secretive and mysterious fashion in the lower depths of the vessel. Before his appearance on deck nobody saw him but his makers, a few ward-room officers excepted, who were introduced to him before dinner, and, yes! one other exception, a luckless boy, who accidentally penetrated to the den in search of a missing cap, and who coming suddenly on Guy, and believing him to be a fiendish corpse, was, it is said, taken with fits.

At 8.30 p.m., when the moon was shining brightly, Guy was carried round and round the upper deck accompanied by the drum and fife band. Then he was put on a raft, towed off, and set on fire. When the fire reached his hardened core, he burst with a report that echoed along the shores, a white cloud floating majestically away.

After this followed fireworks on the bathing machine, and then all hands turned in, feeling that they had done their duty in keeping up the memory of Gunpowder Treason.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster, H.M.S. Boscauden.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT RAGLAN CASTLE

THE visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at Raglan Castle took place on their return journey from Swansea, and, although quite private, was made the occasion of loyal demonstrations by some hundreds of residents in the neighbourhood. Both the Prince and Princess wore representations of the national emblem, the leek, in enamelled jewellery, and when the Duchess of Beaufort met them at the grand entrance, the Prince called her attention to the fact. As the Royal party passed through the gate of the castle the harper struck up an ancient Welsh melody, and continued to play during the inspection of the ruins, and also while the Duke and his Royal guests were at luncheon in the archery tent. Mr. Cuxon, the warden of the castle, who is proud of his charge, and of the fact that he has exhibited it to some 237,000 tourists, acted as cicerone, and the Prince and Princess seemed much pleased with what they saw, especially the beautiful moat in which the castle is so perfectly mirrored, and the hollow

trunk of the great elm which fell in 1876, and the bole of which has since been roofed in so as to form a summer-house. Before leaving, their Royal Highnesses inscribed their names in the visitors' book,

Albert Edward
Alexandra

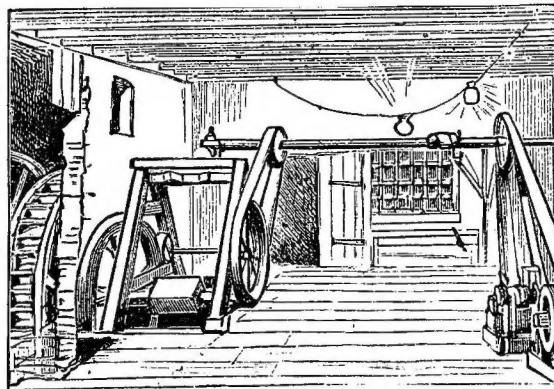
and our artist has sent us a fac-simile of their signatures. The exact date of the erection of Raglan Castle is a matter of dispute, but it is supposed to have been about the middle of the fifteenth century. In 1640 it was in the possession of the second Marquis of Worcester, the inventor of the "Water Commanding Engine" (the germ of the steam-engine), and who is said to have played a good trick upon a party of Parliamentarians who came to search for some arms, but retired precipitately when the engines were set in motion, and they were told that "the lions had broken loose." A few years afterwards Raglan Castle was surrendered, after a siege of eleven weeks, to Sir Thomas Fairfax, by whose order it was battered and undermined, and reduced to the half-ruined condition in which it has ever since remained.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. T. H. Thomas, 45, The Walk, Cardiff.

THE SMACK-BOYS' HOME, RAMSGATE

THE object of this excellent institution is to provide a comfortable home for the fishermen's apprentices, of whom about 350 are connected with the port of Ramsgate, and who, before the establishment of the Home, were utterly neglected, and exposed to the lowest and worst forms of vice. The Home contains sixty beds, and already has over thirty inmates who, when not actually at work on board their respective vessels, are boarded, clothed, and lodged at the expense of their masters, special provision being made for their recreation and mental culture by the supply of dominoes, draughts, and other suitable games, and the establishment of an instructive library, the use of which is accorded to adult seamen as well as to the boys, whilst an invaluable softening influence is provided in the shape of a lady-superintendent resident upon the premises. The managers also hope to establish a fund for the purpose of giving each boy a small sum of money with which to start in life on the completion of his term of apprenticeship. The first stone of the building was laid in October last year by the Marchioness of Conyngham, who on the 13th of September last performed the opening ceremony. The cost of the Home, with its internal fittings and furniture, was 2,600l., a considerable portion of which has still to be raised. Contributions may be sent to the Honorary Secretary, the Rev. J. Eustace Brennan, Rector of Christ Church, Ramsgate, to whom we are indebted for the above particulars, and for the photographs from which our engravings are taken. Speaking of Ramsgate, one is reminded of the fact that no fewer than six fishing boats belonging to the port were lost during the recent great gales, and that a large number of widows and orphans were thereby left in sore distress.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT GODALMING

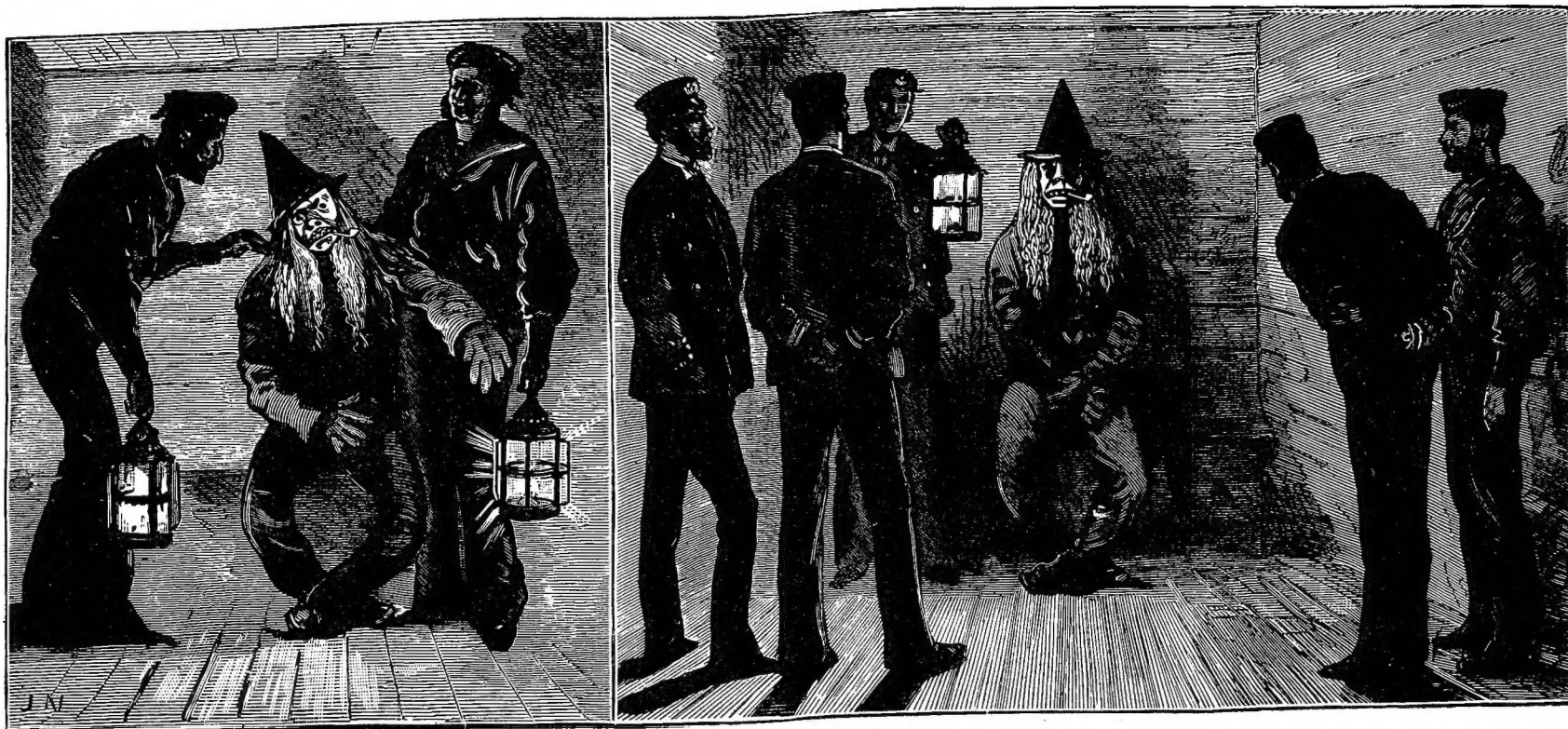
THE pretty little town of Godalming has gained for itself a distinguished place in the history of modern scientific developments by being the first town in England which has decided upon the bold step of substituting the electric light in the place of gas for lighting its public streets. We understand that Norwich and Chesterfield are shortly to follow the example set by this spirited little Surrey community. The great peculiarity noticeable at Godalming is the fact that the motive power is water, and not steam, Messrs. Pullman and Co., who possess large leather mills at Godalming, having consented to place one of their water wheels at the disposal of the corporation. (Our sketch below will give a general idea of the machinery connecting the water wheel and the electric apparatus.) The system adopted at Godalming is that of Siemens, and the engi-



neers and contractors for the lighting are Messrs. Calder and Barrett. The effect of the quaint old High Street, with its gabled houses and miniature Town Hall, lit by the electric light is so strangely "theatrical," that one almost expects to see a bevy of fair damsels appear from the "sides" and dance across the street, while the "heavy villain" of the piece is attempting to conceal himself in the deep shadow at the back of the Town Hall. At present only three lamps are fixed upon poles twenty-four feet high. It is in contemplation to increase the lighting by about twenty smaller lamps. Although this will be an improvement practically, yet the picturesque contrast of light and shadow, now so striking, will, of of course, cease to exist.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY MURDER

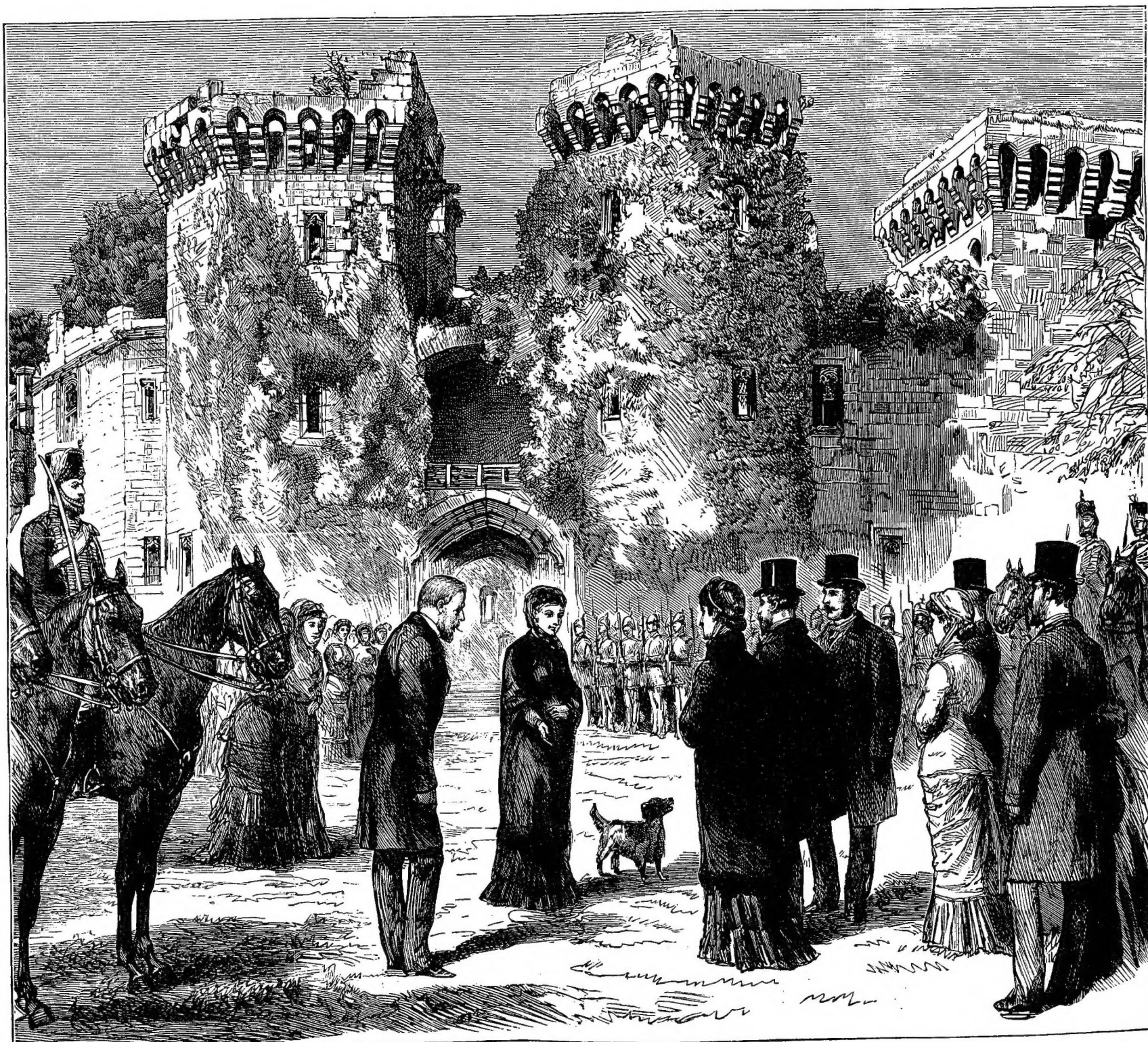
THE trial of Percy Leffroy Mapleton for the murder of Mr. Gold has ended, as most people who had paid any attention to the case expected, in a verdict of guilty, and the wretched man now lies under sentence of death. The various points in the evidence, and the incidents of the hearing have been so fully reported, and we doubt not so widely read, that recapitulation is needless. The array of incriminating facts was so overwhelming that even Mr. Montagu Williams, with all his ingenuity and magnificent audacity, failed to affect the opinion of the jury, although the eloquent pathos of his peroration caused some of them to shed tears. The single solitary item in favour of the prisoner was the declaration by Mr. and Mrs. Clayton that he stayed at home at Wallington all day on the 21st of June, the date on which the revolver was pawned, a statement which, as Lord Coleridge remarked in his summing-up, "might be true, but was very difficult to believe" when considered in connection with the inadequate reasons given by them for withholding it so long, and the opposing evidence of other witnesses. Lord Coleridge's impartial and unimpassioned summing-up was a remarkable contrast to the powerfully dramatic speech for the defence—a lucid marshalling of all the items of evidence, with



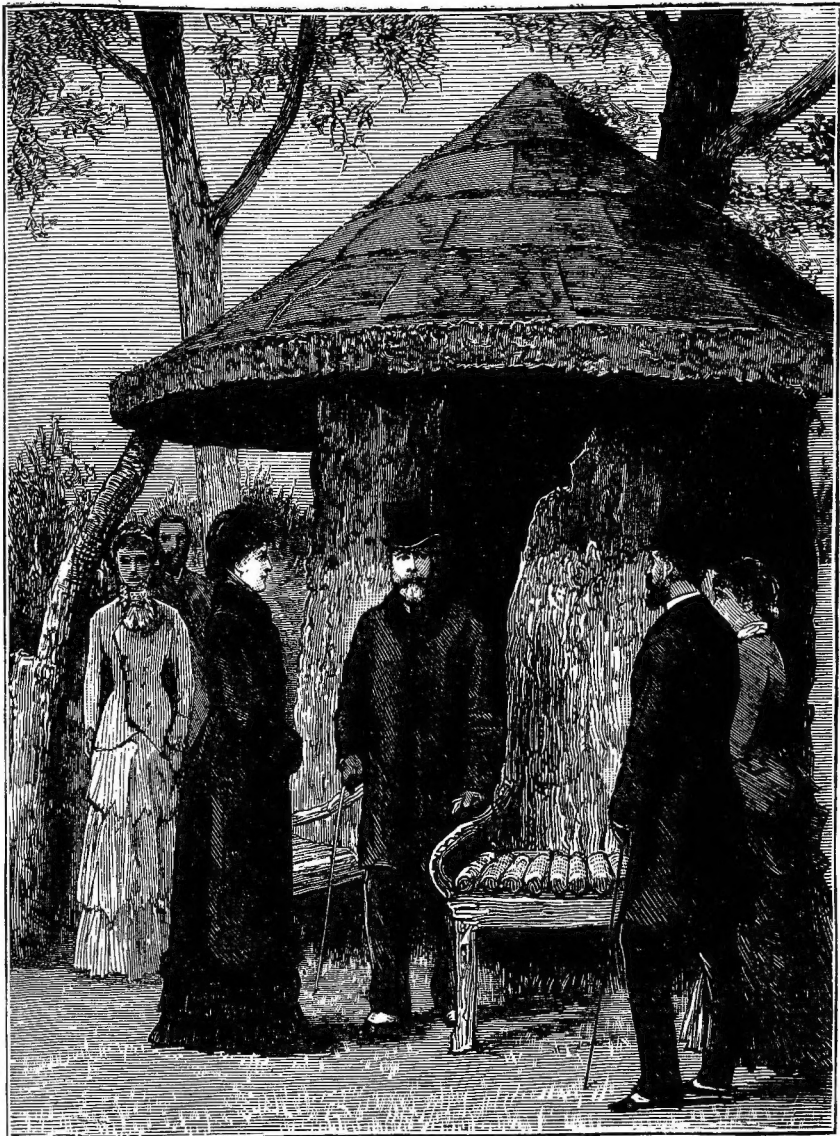
THE CONDEMNED CELL—"COME ALONG, OLD CHAP, TIME'S UP"

THE EVE OF "THE FIFTH"—A SECRET LEVÉE BELOW WATER-MARK

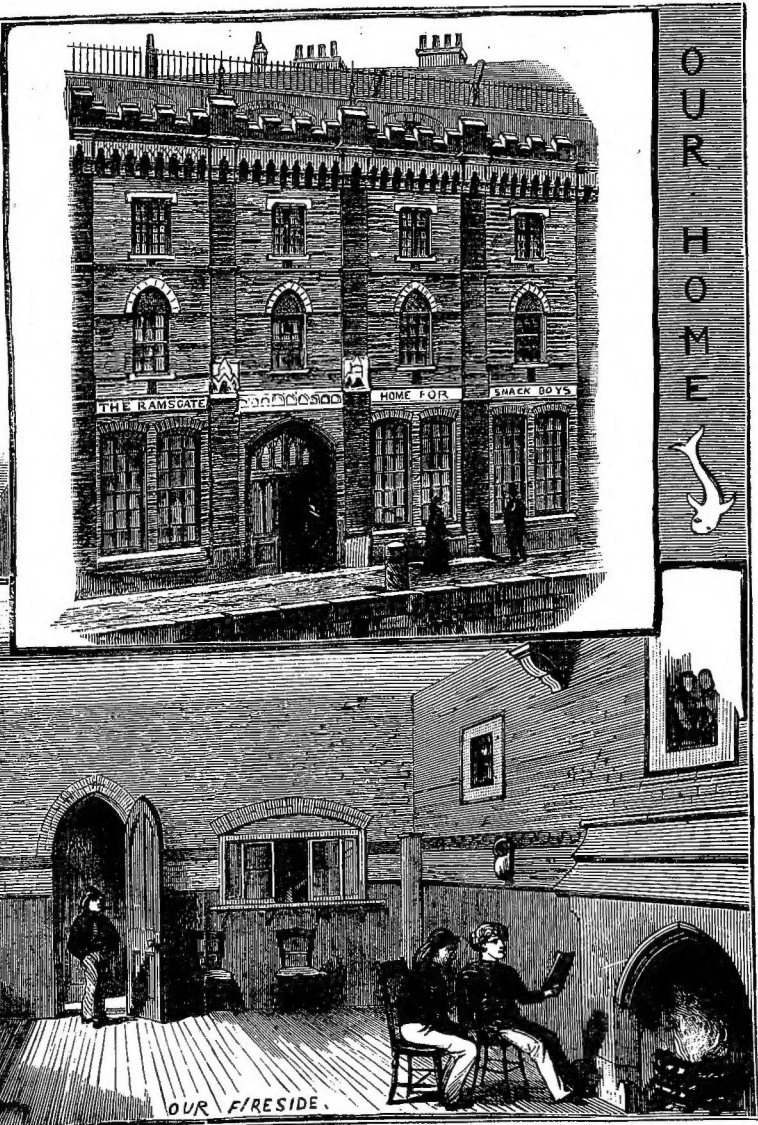
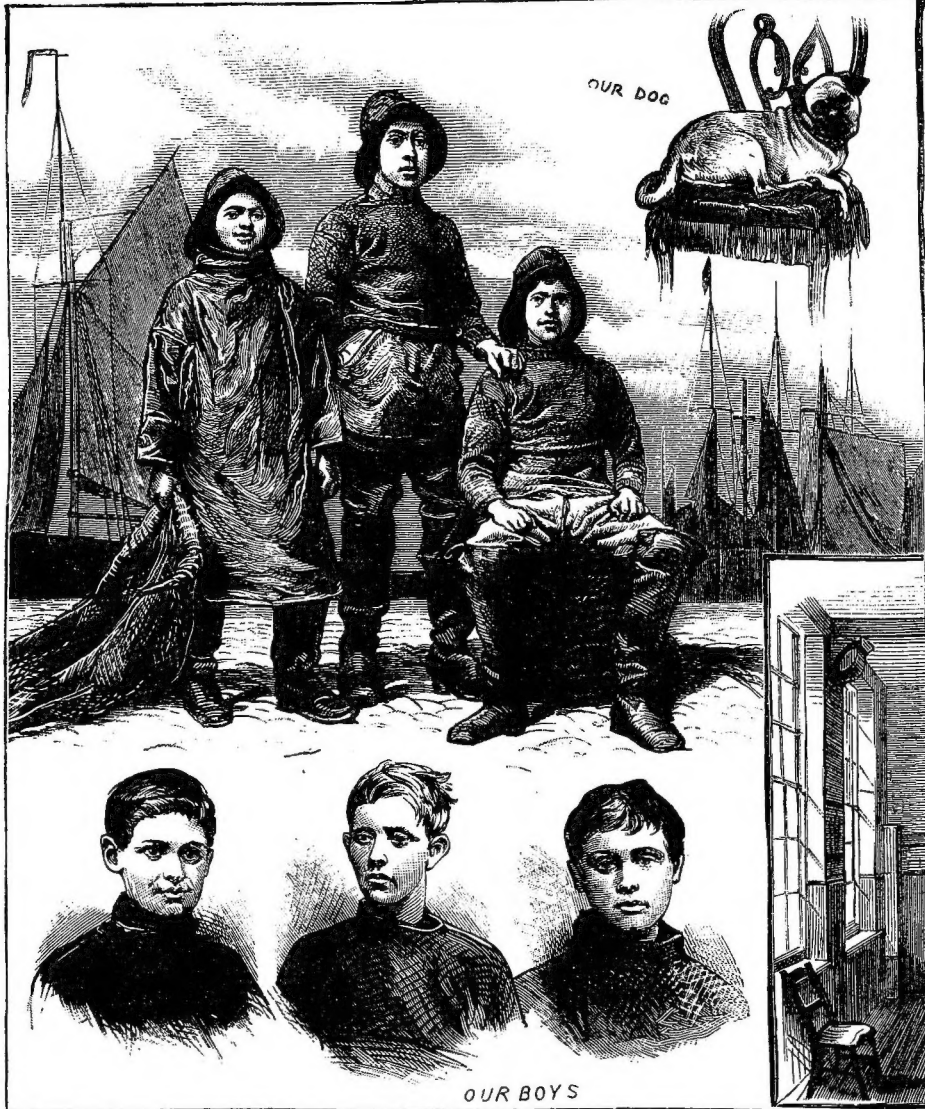
GUY FAWKES DAY ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT RAGLAN CASTLE, MONMOUTHSHIRE—RECEPTION AT THE GRAND ENTRANCE BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT



ON THE MOAT-WALK
SUMMER-HOUSE FORMED OF THE TRUNK OF THE GREAT ELM
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT RAGLAN CASTLE, MONMOUTHSHIRE



OUR SAILORS: THE SMACK-BOYS' HOME AT RAMSGATE

terse pungent criticism thereupon, which point by point exposed the utter baselessness of the theory for the defence. The general opinion of the Press and of the outside public seems to coincide with the finding of the jury, and the fact that they were only absent from Court about ten minutes is sufficient to show that they saw no reason for hesitation. The outward calmness of the prisoner, though well-preserved throughout the trial, was manifestly assumed, and his melodramatic declaration to the jury after sentence had been passed deserves, and will probably receive, very little attention. The immense interest taken in the trial, not only by the people who thronged the Court but by the public generally, was perhaps the outcome of something more than morbid curiosity, the crime having been committed under such circumstances as would naturally tend to excite alarm and apprehension amid all classes of society.

THE OBSERVATORY ON BEN NEVIS

MR. CLERMONT L. WRAGGE, F.R.G.S., F.M.S., &c., has started the first Meteorological Observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, 4,406 feet above the level of the sea. Mr. Wragge commenced to take daily observations on the 1st of June, under the auspices of the Scottish Meteorological Society, who have been at the expense of erecting all the instruments, &c. These consist of a cairn containing one of Fortin's standard barometers, manufactured expressly for the Ben by Negretti and Zambra. About twenty yards or so from it stands a galvanised iron wire cage, within which is fixed one of Stevenson's screens, containing four thermometers—a dry bulb, a wet bulb, a maximum, and a minimum—and also Schönbein's test papers for ascertaining the amount of ozone in the air. Near the cage is a pole four feet high, with a solar radiation thermometer fixed on the top, while close to it, fixed in forked twigs on the ground, is another thermometer for indicating the minimum of terrestrial radiation. The only other instrument is one of Pastorelli's standard rain gauges eight inches in diameter. About thirty yards from the instruments is a rough hut for sheltering the observer while on the Ben. It is built of rude boulders without lime or dressing, and is covered with oiled canvas attached by ropes to wooden planks in the walls. Wretchedly uncomfortable, and draughty as these quarters are, they are a welcome shelter from the violent and pitiless storms which so often rage on the summit. About 120 yards from the hut is "Wragge's Well," discovered and dug by Mr. Wragge; it yields a plentiful supply of excellent water; its altitude above the sea is 4,350 feet.

All the instruments, except the Fortin barometer and the sea level instruments, are the property of Mr. Wragge, who voluntarily and without any salary undertook the arduous labour of ascending the Ben five days a week from the 1st of June till the winter should set in on the Ben. The Scottish Meteorological Society, however, supplies him with a furnished house in Fort William, pays for his pony, which takes him half way up and down the Ben, and also pays for his assistant, who made the ascent two days a week.

ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER

See page 489.

A MADRID BULL FIGHT

The best *corrida* is usually given at half-past four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the great holiday of the people. Madrid, Seville, Malaga, and Granada, as being near to the best bull farms, indulge in the sport more than the northern and eastern towns, but these—Barcelona, Valencia, Saragossa, Bilbao, &c.—hold their dozen or so fights during the course of the summer months, and the bulls of Aragon and Valencia are by no means to be despised.

The capturing of the animals, represented in No. 1, and their conveyance to the neighbouring town, is hardly as dangerous as would appear at first sight, the work being invariably performed by skilled men, and by men whom the bulls more or less know. The form of the *plaza* itself is that of a huge amphitheatre, with tier above tier of seats for the poorer folk, and an upper row of boxes, or "paleos," for those who can afford their dollar. The President's box is on one side; exactly facing it is the *torril*, or bulls' den; to the left the *picadore's* entrance; to the right the door through which the *cuadrilla*, or procession of artists, enters, and the slain beasts are dragged away.

No. 2 represents the opening ceremony, the procession of the *cuadrilla*. First come the *caballeros*, dressed in black velvet, and bestriding black steeds; behind them come the two *espadas*, in their distinctive colours—the principal actors of the day—whose duty it is finally to despatch the bulls; then the *picadores*, on horseback, with their quaint short cloaks, and long buff-coloured leggings; then the *banderilleros*, with their brilliant scarves, immaculate shirts, and bright silk sashes; finally, the various attendants, and the horses which are employed to remove the slain. The *cuadrilla* advance slowly round the arena, make solemn obeisance to the President, and disperse—leaving behind them, however, the two *caballeros*, to one of whom the President throws the key of the *torril*, and who, in his turn (see No. 3) delivers it to the keeper of the bulls. A moment later the first bull dashes upon the scene. Partly to excite him, partly to guide his indecisive movements, there is some preliminary skirmishing—technically "running"—with red cloths; then he is allowed (No. 4) to make for one of the *picadores* who, with blindfolded horse and long pike, awaits the charge. Sometimes, amid the applause of the spectators, the bull is made to swerve aside, the *picadore* inflicting upon him, as he rushes by, a wound that makes the blood stream down his flanks. Sometimes the poor horse is made to pay a like toll, with a horrible graze; sometimes the animals come to close quarters, there is a peculiar little preliminary upheaval, and down go horse and man, to all appearance *hors de combat*. In this last case the moment is full of interest alike to the excited multitude and to the band of combatants. The bull is instantly, and very cleverly, drawn off to another quarter (No. 5) by the flying squadron that has meanwhile been harassing him in the rear, and the attendants rush to the rescue of

added. It is a very common thing for a bull to leap the barrier of the arena, and carry dismay into the outer fringe of spectators, who flee in all directions. By a series of cleverly-arranged doors, however, the animal has no choice but to find his way immediately back into the ring, and it is very rarely indeed that any accident occurs.

While the bull-fight is, to English eyes, exceedingly horrible, it must be confessed that feats of agility and daring are by no means wanting. As, for example, when a *banderillero*, judging his distances with wonderful nicety, leaps clean over the bull's neck; or again, when an *espada*, in one of his passes, places himself right between the horns of the astonished brute, and leans for a moment against his forehead. But the only really pretty sight is to note the unflinching skill with which the bull is drawn away to any part that its tormentors wish, and by this means, the readiness with which a comrade is relieved when he is hard-pressed. All elements of real danger are carefully guarded against, save the always imminent horror of the *picadores* falling beneath their horses and getting crushed. Thus the *faja*, a stout silken sash, wound round and round the loins, is an almost certain shield of the most vulnerable part; the little patch of woven hair worn on the back of the head explains the impunity with which a seemingly stunning fall is received, and the legs of the *picadores* are so encased in steel that, while theirs is certainly the most hazardous work, it is by no means the almost sure death that at first sight it would appear.

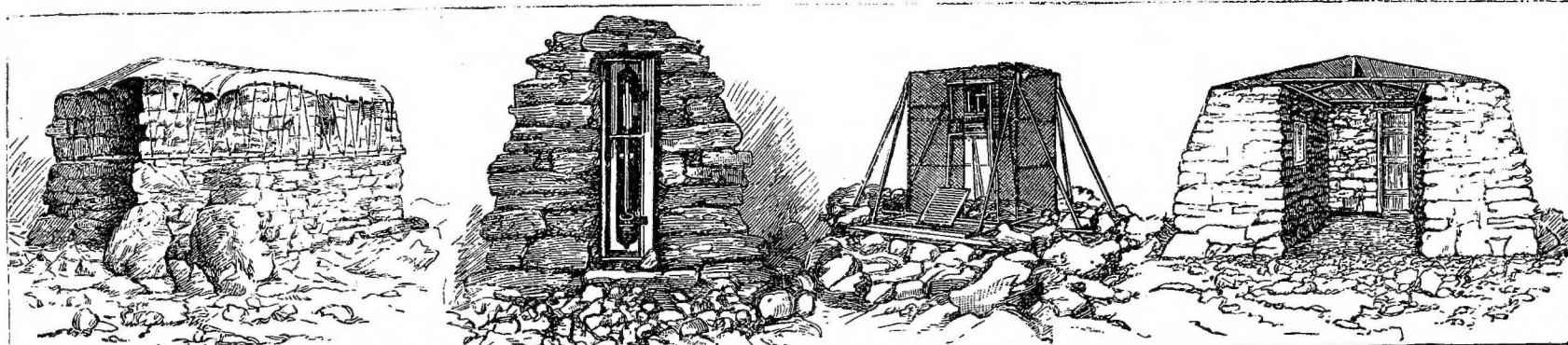
The noble art of bull-fighting is decidedly remunerative. It is usual for the chief *espada* to receive 2,000 to 2,500 dollars for each performance, which he distributes in about the following proportions:—To each *banderillero* 25 dollars, to each *picadore* 25 dollars, to his own two attendants, 10 dollars, leaving a very handsome surplus, something like 1,500 to 1,700 dollars, to cover incidental expenses, and to be divided between himself and his brother *espada*. Besides the actual coin all the members of the *cuadrilla* are provided by the *impresario* with board and lodging so long as they are kept in the town where the performances are given. The leader of the band brings his colleagues, his *caballeros*, *picadores*, two attendants, all dresses, and the swords. The *impresario* provides the ring, the bulls, the horses, attendants, music, and all instruments except the swords—*picas*, *banderillas*, &c. And, with an assured attendance of from 12,000 to 20,000 souls, according to the size of the ring, the latter has by no means the worst of the bargain.—The pictures from which our engravings are taken are forwarded to us by Mr. John Lomas, of Norfolk House, Streatham, S.W., who has also supplied the foregoing description.

NEAPOLITAN TYPES

See page 490.

THE PROPHET TE WHITI AND THE PARIHAKA STRONGHOLD

THE position of the European and the aboriginal races has greatly altered since the last New Zealand War. The whites have vastly



SUPERINTENDENT'S HUT, 4,406 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL

FORTIN'S STANDARD BAROMETER IN ITS CAIRN

IRON CAGE ENCLOSED BOX CONTAINING THERMOMETERS, ETC.

SECTION OF SUPERINTENDENT'S HUT, SHOWING HALF THE INTERIOR

THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY ON THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS

According to the scale of the Meteorological Society, Fort William, which lies at the Foot of Ben Nevis, ranks as a first-class station of the second order. At the Achintore Observatory, Fort William, 27 feet above the sea, a complete set of readings is taken every day—viz., at 5, 7, and 8.30 A.M., 12 noon, and at 3, 6, and 9 P.M. Readings are also taken at Fort William and the top of Ben Nevis simultaneously at 9, 9.30, 10, and 10.30 A.M. Observations are also taken at several points daily in ascending and descending the mountain, the principal point being about 1,800 feet above sea level.

The elements of observation at both Fort William and Ben Nevis are pressure, hygrometrical conditions, temperature, wind, force of wind, kind of cloud, direction and velocity of the different strata of cloud, rainfall, ozone, hydrometeors, and all meteorological phenomena excepting atmospheric electricity. Mr. Wragge and his assistant took careful observations every day from June 1st until October 14th, the day of the terrible gale which proved so disastrous on the British coast, and which carried off the roof of the hut. Mr. Wragge was unable to make the ascent that day, and since that time the weather has been so boisterous that on the 27th ult. he made his last ascent for the winter. He ascended with an experienced guide and his dog Renzo, his invariable companion, and, despite the snow which lay thick upon the ground, reached the summit before 9 A.M. There they found the instruments encrusted with ice, the meshes of the wire cage being completely blocked, while the solar thermometer was enveloped to the extent of many inches; the surrounding ice taking nearly an hour to melt. The temperature was found to be 24.4 deg. with a light easterly air, the temperature at Fort William having been 41. The maximum and minimum thermometers were set for the winter, the former at 25.8 deg. and the latter at 25.5, the barometer was made secure in a large cairn, and then Mr. Wragge and the guides carried down the remainder of the instruments. To note the indications of those left on the mountain, Mr. Livingstone, of the Schools, Fort William, has undertaken to see what can be done in the way of making a monthly ascent during the winter.

Steps are now being taken to erect by public subscription a proper and complete observatory on the top as a memorial to Mr. David Hutcheson, of Glasgow, lately owner of that well-known fleet of steamers (*Jona*, *Columba*, &c.), which has done so much towards opening up the West Highlands and islands to tourists. If sufficient funds be forthcoming, it is proposed to construct a road to the top, and to erect a permanent residence, with which telegraphic communication would be established at Fort William, so that when completed the readings taken on the highest spot in Britain can be telegraphed daily, summer and winter, to all parts of the kingdom. A subscription list for the West Highlands was recently opened, to which the Earl of Breadalbane has subscribed 100l. We understand that several other subscription lists are opened, or about to open, and we hope that no difficulty will be experienced in collecting sufficient money to warrant the promoters in going on with the work as soon as possible.

the unfortunate *picadore*, who, encumbered by his heavy steel-plated leggings, cannot rise unassisted, even if unhurt. In nine cases out of ten he escapes any serious injury, and is assisted to a fresh mount, if his horse has received his death blow. If, however, the poor brute can be coerced or flogged into shuffling once more upon its legs, no motives of humanity are allowed to forbid its being again pressed into active service. A mounted *picadore* is always kept waiting in reserve to take the place of a dismounted or disabled comrade.

When it is thought that there has been sufficient butchery of horses to satisfy the popular thirst for blood, the signal is given, the *picadores* retire, and the *banderilleros* become, in their turn, the chief actors. First, however, there is some more playing of the bull, No. 6, representing what is termed the "backward pass." The object of the *banderilleros* is to stick into the neck and shoulders of the bull six or eight *banderillas*, or small ornamental darts, usually four pairs. The operation is a delicate one, and requires great skill and agility. It is difficult to help joining in the applause that greets a *banderillero* when he succeeds in sending well home, and simultaneously, the two darts which he holds. In No. 7 is shown the preliminary defying of the bull; in No. 8 the successfully accomplished feat.

After about ten minutes' play with the *banderillas* the signal again sounds, and the hero of the day, the *espada*, comes forward, being greeted with an eager welcome as (No. 9) he salutes the President. Then a sudden and strange silence comes over the hitherto excited multitude. It is a most impressive sight to watch some 18,000 souls so intent upon noting every movement of this one man, as he walks into the centre of the arena, and (No. 10) commences his preliminary play with the bull, that they hush every action and word by common and unbidden consent. By this time the bull is becoming somewhat exhausted, and his movements are evidently laboured. Still he makes head against his enemy, who, armed with a short Toledo blade and a red cloth, and aided by his satellites, exhausts every method of irritation and punishment. When he has played his victim sufficiently, and gone through the usual "passes," the *espada* thrusts in his sword deep between the brute's shoulders (No. 11). If the moment and position have been opportunely chosen, and the hand skilful, the one blow finishes the spectacle. The bull staggers for a moment or two, and then falls heavily to the ground. In the event of such a good finish the *espada* is cheered to the echo as he walks up once more to the President's box and salutes. Perhaps, also, he is rewarded with a magnificent bouquet. More often, however, the last process is longer, and decidedly clumsy, the wretched beast *dying*, rather than being killed, under repeated stickings. In the case of a very bad finish (see No. 12), a knife is substituted for the sword, in order to give something like the appearance of a fair fight to the scene.

When all is over, the arena is cleared and watered, the band strikes up, the slain horses and bulls are dragged away, and the whole programme is gone through with a fresh bull, the two *espadas* taking it in turn to kill. Six animals constitute the usual bill of fare, but the seventh, or *toro de gracia*, is almost invariably

increased, the Maories are dwindling away. There are now in the colony nearly half a million Pakehas, and only 40,000 Maories. Most of these latter live in the North Island, and many of them under their chief, Ta Whiao, known as the "Maori King." Till lately the King lived in somewhat sullen seclusion, but recently, with a great train of followers, he visited one of the white settlements, and was received with such heartiness and cordiality that he seemed to be quite moved, and offered guns, in token, as he said, of peace and good-will.

It is on the West Coast, in the New Plymouth district, that trouble has lately been impending. There there is a Maori stronghold called Parihaka, and there the influence of one Te Whiti, who asserts himself to be, and is esteemed, a Prophet, exerts considerable influence. The Government, it is said, have made a liberal assignment of lands to the Maories, but they are not contented, and when roads were made through these surveyed districts they opposed their construction by ploughing, and erecting fences. Matters began to look alarming. Te Whiti and the Maories continued to advance on the disputed land, while the armed constabulary force was greatly strengthened by volunteers. No collision, however, occurred, the Prophet having at the recent native meetings counselled patience to his followers, and on the 5th inst. Te Whiti and two other chiefs were arrested without offering resistance, and were conveyed to New Plymouth. It is also satisfactory to learn that Ta Whiao, the Maori king, has sent to the Government to say that he does not sympathise with Te Whiti.

Our engravings are from sketches made about a year ago by the late Miss Mary Beatrix Dobie, who had previously sent to us New Zealand and South Sea Island drawings. She was at that time almost the only white woman who had been inside this singular settlement. She thus records her impressions in a letter written November 22:—

"Parihaka, the principal Maori stronghold in New Zealand, is an enormous native town of quite an imposing character, with a background of bush, partially cleared. Behind all rises the snow-clad Mount Egmont. There are regular streets of houses. The native women and children were immensely excited when they saw the Pakeha Waiheni (English woman); they crowded round me, grinning, jabbering, and shaking hands. Only one or two white women have been there before. I went to the great monthly meeting last Wednesday. I never before saw such numbers of Maories. It was a most picturesque sight, such gay colours, fine-looking men, and pretty girls. The young men and boys were having a cricket match; the bats and wickets were home-made, but they played just like white men, chucking up the ball when a man was out, &c. After this we saw a vast crowd in the centre of the town, so went, and found the Prophet Te Whiti making a speech. The natives squatted around with upturned, eager faces, listening intently. Te Whiti is a very clever-looking man, with a fine head and brow. He gesticulated with his arm raised, and his blanket folded around him. It really was a fine sight, the crowds of natives all listening, babies tumbling about, the women staring at us.

Nov. 12, 1881

Directly Te Whiti finished speaking the meeting was over. I saw Tohu, a fine big black man; also Heroki, the murderer, and he looked such."

Three days after these lines were penned Miss Dobie met with her lamented death. She was killed, as our readers will probably remember, by a native, but the murder was in no way connected with her visit to Parihaka.

THE RECENT CRISIS IN EGYPT

WHEN it was announced that Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid had suddenly despatched a mission to Egypt, not only without previously informing the Foreign Ambassadors at Constantinople, but actually in opposition to their counsel, all sorts of reports were circulated as to the sinister designs of the two emissaries, Ali Nizam Pasha and Ali Fuad Bey, who headed the expedition. It was said that they were commanded to make secret inquiries into the Khedive's conduct, and even that they had power to depose him in favour of his uncle. All the foreign Powers who profess any interest in Egypt were at once alarmed at the prospect of any interference with a country ostensibly under their joint protection, and accordingly ironclads of various nations speedily appeared in the Port of Alexandria, as an informal naval demonstration and protest against the action of the Sultan. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Charles Royle of Alexandria, and shows the arrival on the 21st October, of H.M.S. *Invincible*, which had been despatched by England, France being represented by the ironclad *Alma*, Italy by the turret-ship *Affondatore*, and Austria by the war-sloop *Zriny*. Whether or no the original intentions of the Sultan were altered by this show of displeasure on the part of the Powers, we do not know, but his delegates carefully avoided any show of active interference, and merely complimented the Khedive on having settled his difficulties, and gently rebuked the leaders of the recent rising, reminding them that the Sultan was their suzerain, and had by no means lost sight of Egypt and the Egyptians—an utterance manifestly intended as an encouragement to the Mussulman party to continue their resistance to the ever-increasing foreign influence.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND

THE Land Courts are going steadily on with their work, and to meet the great number of applications which have already been made three additional Sub-Commissions have been appointed, who will, however, only hold office for one year, by which time it is thought the bulk of the cases will have been disposed of. The great reductions which the courts are making in rents has alarmed the landlords and agents, and there is already talk of impeaching some of their decisions with which the tenants are naturally well pleased. It is said that Land League meetings are still held in secret in Dublin and other places, and in some instances the police have interfered with political gatherings of an open character. At Charleville, for instance, the Ladies' Land League, finding their rooms closed, decided to hold a meeting in the street, and when the police ordered them to move on they obeyed, but proposed and carried their resolutions whilst walking along; whilst at another place the attention of the police was drawn off by a procession whilst a meeting was held close at hand. Another "No Rent" manifesto, purporting to be signed by Mr. Egan, has been circulated in the South of Ireland. The *Freeman's Journal* has published an account of an interview in prison with Mr. Parnell, who, however, has written a letter saying that it is in almost every respect inaccurate and misleading. On Monday a panic was created at Kilmalham by the accidental firing of a pistol by one of the warders. The military guard was turned out and reinforcements sent for to resist what was supposed to be an attempt to release the "suspects," who were perhaps as much astonished as their guardians.—Our engravings need little explanation: The first represents the Dublin branch of the Ladies' Land League at work overhauling clothing, &c., intended for the use of the evicted, and the families of the imprisoned suspects. At a recent meeting these patriotic ladies unanimously pledged themselves never to marry an Englishman, and never to give a policeman a drink. The other sketch shows the removal by order of the Government of the name-plate from the door of the Land League Office in Sackville Street, Dublin.

SIR EVELYN WOOD'S CONFERENCE WITH THE ZULUS

THE Zulu question continues to vex the spirit of the Natal Government, as the country continues to be in a condition of unrest, and the chiefs, John Dunn, and the British Resident, Mr. Osborne, have great difficulty in maintaining peace and quietness amongst the Zulus themselves. About the middle of August John Dunn, with about 4,000 followers, attacked and defeated the chief Sitimela, who had opposed a decision of the Resident. A few days later Sir Evelyn Wood, with four squadrons of cavalry, visited Zululand, in order to hold a conference with the principal chiefs. This took place on August 31st, near the hill of Imlayatsa, and the scene of the meeting as well as the assembly itself is depicted in our illustrations, which are from sketches by Mr. Adrian Jones, A.V.D. In the group of Europeans Sir Evelyn Wood may be distinguished sitting in the centre, with the British Resident, Mr. Osborne, on his right, and that intrepid lady globe-trotter, Lady Florence Dixie, on his left, next to whom is General Buller. The figure with the stick, speaking to the Zulus, is the interpreter, Mr. Rudolph, while in front of the chiefs sits John Dunn. Mr. Adrian Jones writes: "There were six hundred Zulus present, but we were all very disappointed, as a great number of the chiefs wore English clothing, which made them look highly unpicturesque. Had they appeared in their war paint, there would have been something to look at." The result of the Conference seems to have been fairly satisfactory, and at the meeting of the Natal Legislative Council on October 10th, Sir Evelyn Wood expressed the belief that his recent visit would result in a settling-down of the country.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SUBALTERN'S "TAT"

THE "tat" (pony) belonging to a subaltern officer in India is a hard-worked animal. See how he gallops the poor little beast to parade, fearing a wiggling from his Colonel as the regiment is already falling in. His trousers are up to his knees, his helmet over his eyes, and his sword gyrating in the air.

Next he makes a morning call, and "tat" and "syce" (groom) wait for him outside the bungalow, the groom taking care to enjoy a nap under the pony's shadow.

Then home to tiffin at his own bungalow, where a sporting friend drops in, and suggests that the pony should be put in harness, and that he has a set handy. Presently, our "tat" appears in a set of harness much too big for him, and in the shafts of a spidery machine known as a "bamboo cart," which he drags in an erratic manner towards the mess-house.

After this come forty minutes' hard play on the polo ground, and then he is taken to the race-course to be trained for some forthcoming "sky" races. As the sub. is not accustomed to the racing saddle used on such occasions he finishes with a tumble.

Lastly, at sunset, the sturdy little form of the "tat" is seen trudging out of the station. The groom who leads him carries some spears, in fact, on the morrow there is to be a pig-sticking expedition at a neighbouring village. Let us hope our little horse-of-all-work will win for his owner "first spear."—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant G. D. Giles, 1st Sind Horse.



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW was this year rendered additionally attractive by a large contingent of fire brigades from the metropolitan stations and from a number of provincial towns, and also by an entirely novel feature, the American national flag being borne in the procession, escorted by a guard of honour composed of staff and colour sergeants of the Royal London Militia, whilst on arriving at Palace Yard the American National Anthem was performed by the combined military bands which had taken part in the procession. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the dense crowd who witnessed the Show remained in the streets until a late hour to view the illuminations.

AT THE MUNICIPAL BANQUET in the evening the chief feature was, of course, the speeches of the Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Gladstone began by assuring the Lord Mayor that he recognised the value of local self-government, and expressing a hope that the municipality of the City might long continue to exist "with such developments as the spirit of the age might require." Turning to Ireland he praised the Land Commission, and the unflinching courage and devotion of Mr. Forster; next came some references to our withdrawal from Afghanistan, and the settlement of the Transvaal difficulty, and the Premier concluded by declaring the urgent importance of reforming the procedure of Parliament. Earl Granville's speech related solely to foreign affairs. He took a hopeful view of the Anglo-French Treaty negotiations, and with regard to Egypt declared that the harmony between France and England had never been broken.—Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at the Mayor's banquet at Birmingham, took credit to the Government for reversing the policy of their predecessors with regard to Afghanistan and South Africa, as well as for their conduct of Irish affairs, and expressed a hope that they would soon be able to abandon those extra-Constitutional expedients to which they had reluctantly resorted, and turn to the vast arrears of useful domestic legislation.

OTHER POLITICAL SPEECHES AND LETTERS too numerous to mention in detail have appeared in the papers during the week. Prominent amongst the assailants of the Government are Lord Salisbury, Sir J. Holker, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. A. G. L'Estrange; whilst amongst its defenders appear Sir W. Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, Lord Monck, Lord Hartington, and others.

THE LAND LEAGUERS OF LONDON, refusing to believe the assurances of Mr. Gladstone and Sir E. Henderson that no foundation existed for the report of the suppression of the Land League meeting at Hoxton on Sunday week, held an open-air demonstration in that district last Sunday, at which resolutions were passed denouncing the "illegal and inquisitorial conduct of the police." Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, M.P., who was the chief speaker, predicted that Mr. Parnell would soon be liberated, and that the Irish Land Courts would have to cut down rents not by thirty, but by sixty per cent., and that before long Ireland would have half a million of sturdy peasant proprietors instead of 10,000 bloated landlords. Two other meetings were held on the same day at Peckham Rye, one violently against the Government and the other in favour of it.

ELECTION NEWS.—More than a dozen persons have been mentioned as probable Liberal candidates for the vacancy at Stafford consequent on the death of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, but the party have held a conference, and decided upon running Mr. George Howell.—At Tiverton the only candidates are Viscount Ebrington and Mr. T. Buller, both Liberals. In County Kerry Mr. A. M. Porter, the new Solicitor-General for Ireland, appeals to the constituency for the seat vacated by Mr. Law on his elevation to the Lord Chancellorship.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. A. MACDONALD, at Monkland, on Monday, was attended by deputations from all parts of the mining districts, and was witnessed by an enormous crowd of spectators. Nearly all the miners of Lanarkshire ceased work in token of respect.

NEW KNIGHTS.—The honour of knighthood is to be conferred on Dr. Erasmus Wilson, President of the Royal College of Surgeons (to whom we are in a great measure indebted for Cleopatra's Needle), in consideration of his munificent gifts in aid of hospitals and the encouragement of medical study. The vacancy in the Order of St. Patrick has been filled by the nomination of Lord O'Hagan, who has just resigned the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland, and that in the Order of the Thistle by the appointment of the Earl of Dalhousie, better known as Lord Ramsay.

A SCHOOL OF ART is about to be established at Birmingham. One citizen has given a freehold site for the building and 10,000l., another 15,000l., and altogether 45,000l. has been contributed, whilst Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., gives to the Art Gallery two pictures worth 3,000l.

HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE appears to be in a highly dangerous condition. On Friday last a portion of the footway suddenly gave way beneath the feet of a policeman, who fell a distance of forty feet into the river-mud below, and was very seriously injured. A correspondent of *The Times* says that the bridge has been in a disgraceful state for some time, and that the timber is so rotten that he thrust a walking-stick through it in several places. Mr. Bazalgette, the engineer of the Board of Works, denies that the wood is decayed, and says that the accident was caused by "a hidden piece of defective construction." However this may be, it is reassuring to learn that the whole of the footway is to be at once relaid.

GUY FAWKES CELEBRATIONS have this year taken place in the metropolis and all over the country, with the usual processions, bonfires, and displays of fireworks, the proceedings being in some instances transferred to the 4th and in others to the 7th, in consequence of the "Fifth" falling on a Saturday. The consumption of gunpowder and fuel was enormous, and amongst the many accidents which are reported one was instantaneously fatal, whilst in others very serious injuries resulted.

THE FISH TRADE OF LONDON.—Whilst the Board of Works have been hesitating over the alternative sites suggested for a new fish market the Corporation have taken the wind out of their sails by deciding to appropriate the new building at Smithfield, which was intended for a fruit and vegetable market, as a rendezvous for the railway fish-vans, retaining Billingsgate for the sea-borne fish.

MORE FIRE-ARM ACCIDENTS are reported this week. At Portsmouth a lad has been killed by a playmate who, while in bed, was showing him a revolver "supposed to be unloaded," whilst from Mullingar, Ireland, comes a strange story of a man named Lynch, who was in the habit of pointing a loaded gun at his orphan ward "to frighten him into going to bed," and who did so once too often, as the other night the gun went off and the child was killed.

THE MARY STANLEY MEMORIAL FUND.—The 26th inst. will be the second anniversary of the death of the late Dean Stanley's sister, and the lady secretaries and treasurers of the above fund have issued a circular asking for subscriptions to make up the sum of 500l. to found a bed (to be named after her) in the Hospital for Incurables, Great Ormond Street. The hospital, though Roman Catholic, is open to patients of all denominations and to their clergy. Donations may be sent to Messrs. Twining, 215, Strand, or to the treasurer, Miss Wyse, 18, Powis Square, W.



LORD BYRON'S STATUE AT MISSOLONGHI was unveiled on Sunday with great festivities.

THE FIRST COMPLETE TRAIN passed through the St. Gothard Tunnel last week, the journey occupying fifty minutes.

A BLUE SHARK, nearly eight feet long, has been caught off the Isle of Wight. It has been seen in the neighbourhood at intervals for some months past.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT ROME in 1885-6 is being planned, and a British Central Committee has been established in London, branch Committees being formed in several other important British towns.

THE FAMOUS WITCH'S SABBATH HAUNT, THE BROCKEN, is the latest mountain threatened with railway invasion. The route to the summit of this highest point of the Harz range has been satisfactorily surveyed, and it is not unlikely that the line may be ready by next year.

A RELIC OF THE LAST WELSH PARLIAMENT is to disappear this week,—the house at Dolgelly, where Owain Glyndwr convened the members in the fifteenth century. The attempt to preserve the building as a public museum having failed for want of funds, the house will be pulled down to make room for an ironmonger's shop.

AUTUMN LEAVES are now adopted as emblems by Italian ladies, who wear their favourite leaf either in the bonnet or on their mantles. Those inclined to literary pursuits choose the laurel, melancholy beings prefer the willow, while the lady aristocrats signify by the oak the social gulf between themselves and the *bourgeoises* wearing the humble lime-leaf.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES has got into trouble for breaking the Sabbath. When recently staying at Norwich, Connecticut, he drove through the town with a local Divine on Sunday afternoon, and the rigid Norwich Sabbatarians have determined to prosecute the two offenders, who, according to ancient law, are liable to do penance in a white sheet at the door of the meeting-house.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION in the steamer *Rodgers* will winter in St. Lawrence Bay, and thence start northwards in June next, as soon as the season is favourable. Members of this expedition circumnavigated Wrangell Land in small boats, and officially annexed the country to the United States, finding in the course of their explorations that the land was an island, contrary to all previous supposition.

THE PARIS SALON, under the new arrangements, is to be managed by a permanent society of artists, which will be organised by a committee of ninety members, who were chosen last week. Considerable difference of opinion, however, exists concerning the rules and the direction of the Exhibition, and the French artists have been holding highly excited meetings on the subject. The picture season has now begun by the opening of a small "Demi-Salon," arranged by the Seine Artistic Club, and stated to be a very excellent collection.

LONDON MORTALITY again further increased last week, and 1,645 deaths were registered against 1,588 during the previous seven days, an increase of 57, being 49 above the average, and at the rate of 22.4 per 1,000. There were 12 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 12), 29 from measles (an increase of 10), 95 from scarlet fever (an increase of 30), 13 from diphtheria (a decline of 12), 40 from whooping-cough (an increase of 11), 5 from typhus fever (an increase of 1), 53 from enteric fever (an increase of 4), 4 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, and 13 from diarrhoea (a decline of 6). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 375 (a decline of 1), of which 239 were attributed to bronchitis, and 102 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths, 47 were the result of negligence or accident.—The mean temperature of the air was 43.1 deg., and 3.6 deg. below the average.

THE SECOND BRONZE SPHINX flanking Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment will be fixed in position this week, thus completing the additional Art adornments of the Obelisk, and the hoarding will accordingly be removed. These Sphinxes are nineteen feet long, nine feet high, and six feet wide, while the accompanying large bronze wing castings are ten feet high. There are also four bronze tablets on a background of granite, the principal one facing the river front, and bearing the inscription, "Through the patriotic zeal of Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., this Obelisk was brought from Alexandria in an iron cylinder. It was abandoned in the Bay of Biscay, recovered, and erected on this spot by John Dixon, C.E., in the forty-second year of the reign of Queen Victoria." On the west side the tablet states, "This Obelisk, quarried at Syene, was erected at Heliopolis by the Pharaoh Thothmes III., about 500 B.C.," with other historical details.

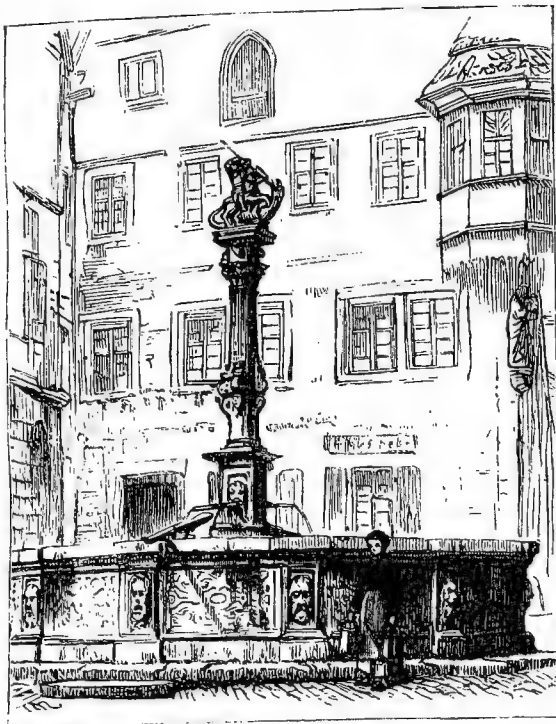
THE ST. PAUL'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—The series of charges brought against the management of this school by Mrs. Surr were of such a terrible and revolting character that the announcement that the Special Committee appointed by the School Board to investigate the matter would conduct its inquiry in public, and would go fully into the evidence, gave very general satisfaction. A number of witnesses were called, chiefly boys who had belonged to the school, and their testimony, allowing something for youthful exaggeration, seemed to substantiate the charges of cruelty, neglect, and mismanagement comprised in Mrs. Surr's elaborate indictment. It was shown that the boys were subjected to excessive and indiscriminate punishments, that their food, besides being of bad quality and indifferent quantity, was sometimes befouled with dirty paper labels and black beetles; their clothing was ragged and dirty, and their education neglected, whilst in bitter winter weather they had to wash clothes and chop wood bare-footed in a stone-paved yard, one result of which was that many of them were laid up with sore feet, one case being so bad that a joint of a toe had to be amputated. The treatment was so bad that one boy took poison to escape from it; another is stated to have been caned on his death-bed because he could not get up and work; whilst others, as will be remembered, attempted to end their misery by setting fire to the school. Still more damaging was the uncontradicted statement that for five or six years all the managers, except one, had entirely neglected their duties. Mr. Scrutton, the Chairman of the Industrial School Committee, had undertaken to defend the management, but his cross-examination of the witnesses failed to shake their evidence upon any material point, and on Tuesday he virtually threw up the case, and was permitted, after a long private discussion with the Committee, to make a statement, admitting that "many grave irregularities had occurred without the knowledge of the managers," which necessitated the appointment of a new Board of twelve managers, two of whom should be members of the School Board, and three others to be nominated by Mrs. Surr, together with a complete change in the staff. The Committee will, of course, report to the School Board at its next meeting, and perhaps we shall then learn what took place at this mysterious private conference. Somebody must be responsible for the shocking inhumanity which Mr. Scrutton calls "grave irregularity," and the public have a right to know who it is. The case is far too serious to be hushed up or compromised, and the members of the School Board will be very ill-advised if they do not insist upon a complete and thorough exposure, and, if legally possible, the exemplary punishment of all those against whom the guilt is brought home.



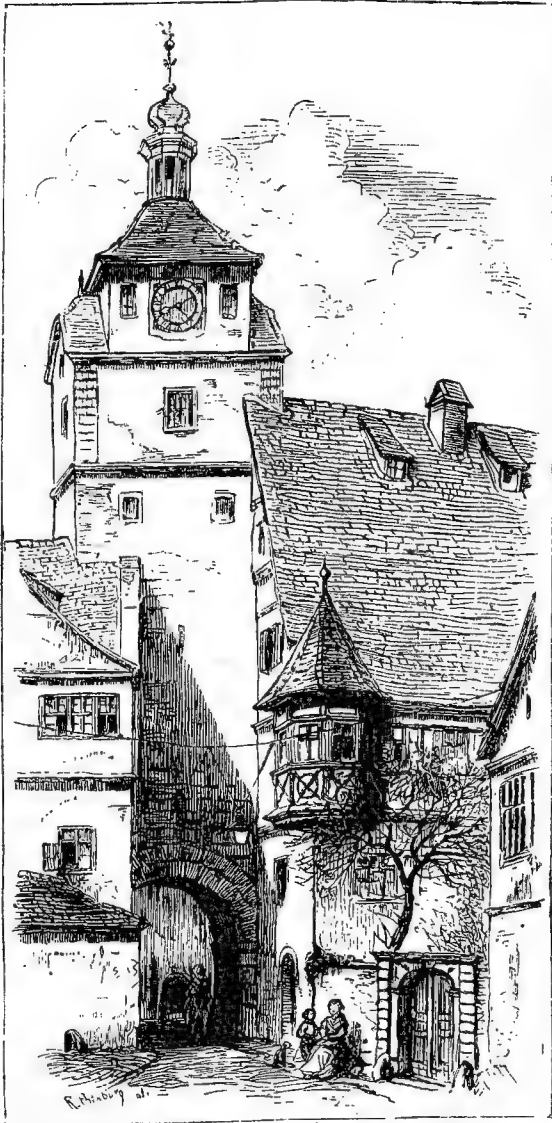
THE TOWN OF GODALMING ILLUMINATED BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT



THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY TRAGEDY—NOTES IN COURT DURING THE TRIAL OF PERCY LEFROY MAPLETON



THE GEORGEN BRUNNEN



GATEWAY IN ROTHENBURG



STANDTCHEN HOUSE



STREET IN ROTHENBURG

ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER

THIS town in Bavaria is the most perfect and interesting town of the Middle Ages I have as yet seen, both from its position, the beauty and quaintness of its buildings, and, above all, from its undisturbed antiquity. Modern improvement has not yet set its foot in Rothenburg, and its 6,000 inhabitants are so proud of their city, and so content with it, that probably this state of things may last.

At present oil lamps, few and far between, are swinging across the picturesque streets. "You will soon have gas in Rothenburg," I said to our landlord one day.

"Oh no, my lady, we will never have gas," and he said it with quite a shocked look on his face, though he has electric bells in his hotel, and is very anxious to introduce any modern improvement likely "to please the English." He has lived several years in England. The direct way to this quaint little unvisited place is by rail *via* Frankfurt and the new line from Lohr to Mergentheim, and then by carriage, or *via* Frankfurt and Würzburg to Rothenburg by rail; but we had turned aside to Heidelberg, after crossing from Harwich to Rotterdam by that splendid and most comfortable steamer, the *Lady Tyler*. This Great Eastern route to the Continent is cheap, and yet all the arrangements are excellent; one cannot too highly praise the ventilation and comfort of the cabins, saloon, &c. I recommend all travellers to try the Great Eastern route. Brussels is quickly reached *via* Antwerp; and we heard from some of our fellow travellers that the Antwerp steamers of this line are still finer than those that go to Rotterdam.

Fortunately for us the sun shone at Heidelberg, and we rejoiced



SCULPTURED FIGURES, KNIGHT AND LADY



TILLY IN THE RATHHAUS

ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER

in the quiet beauty of the vine-clad Neckar Valley, crowned at its mouth by the magnificent red ruin of the Castle. Perhaps the crowd of daily visitors takes away some of the exquisite charm of the place, yet there is a magic, a dreamy attraction, about Heidelberg hard to find words for. Day after day I mounted the steep hill to the Castle, and each day found something fresh to admire. Enough remains of the grand old ruin to show what has been there, while climbing plants shroud broken walls and cling round the exquisitely carved statues of Counts and Kaisers, pagan and sacred heroes, or veil the entrance to some dark vault, the broad-leaved *Aristolochia* making enchanting effects of light and shade in the glowing sunshine. I hardly know which is most beautiful—the near view of the Castle, with the outlook from its terraces over the Neckar Valley, or the view from the Philosopher's Walk on the opposite hill. It is a steep climb this, past the famous dwelling-place of the students, but, when one reaches the walk cut on the steep side of the vine-covered hill, the view is very fine. The Königstuhl towers dark and high above the Castle; the Molken-kur lies peeping out like a nest among the trees; on the right is the vast plain on which the Cathedral of Spire stands out clearly, while here and there one gets a glimpse of the Rhine.

One day we took a lovely walk to Wolf's Brunnen and lunched under the trees. The road was charming; on the heights behind the Castle we walked through an apple orchard, getting on one side constant peeps of the Neckar, the banks on the other covered for a part of the way with many rare and delicate ferns. At Wolf's Brunnen we took a boat back to Heidelberg, the true way of seeing the beauty of the Neckar Valley.

At Heidelberg, they seemed to know nothing about the ancient town of Rothenburg, but we had seen some photographs of it, and were determined to explore it, and we also saw in the newspaper that a Fest-Spiel (holiday play) was to be performed there. So we went by rail to Crailsheim, and there got a comfortable carriage and a pair of good horses; we drove through many quaint and picturesque Bavarian villages, with steep-gabled half-timbered houses dainty in fresh whitewash, but each with its manure heap and pile of faggots in front, reminding us of the villages beside the Senois in Belgium. Everywhere pigeons nestled among the innumerable dormers that make the steep red roofs look inquisitive, for sometimes these dormers are simply light-holes shaped like a half-closed eye—here a woman was tying up wood; or children were throwing stones at the apples hanging so heavily beside the road that the branches were supported on long poles—and, above all, we saw constant flocks of geese. The total absence of Calvaries by the roadside showed that we were in a Lutheran district; and no beggars were to be seen; the old stone-breakers made pictures here and there under the apple trees, and wild flowers often gemmed the waste ground and meadows beside the road.

All at once we came in sight of a town on the top of a steep green hill, with a river winding round it in the deep valley below. Some of this hill was waste ground, the rest covered with orchards and vineyards, all crowned by a lofty grey wall with tall red-capped towers of different heights, and the quaintest variety of gables and lofty-roofed houses rising from it in a crowd. The tower of the Rathaus rose above the rest, with the slender spire of the Franciscans' Church, and the massive roofs and slender spires of St. Jacob. On the left were the trees of the park, and behind rose dark green hills.

We were some time climbing the hill, but when we had passed through the double Spital Thor entrance, and saw what was around us, we rejoiced that we had come to Rothenburg. Everything seemed so quaint and original; in front of many of the large, steep-gabled houses were stone benches, with carved supports; fountains were plentiful, and with good sculptured ornament about them.

The next morning we learned that the play, the *Meister Trunk*, was to take place in the Rathaus at ten o'clock; it commemorated an event of the Thirty Years' War, and was the fruit of the two years' labour of a glass-maker of the town, named Adolph Harber, who had written it for the sake of entertaining his fellow-citizens and to commemorate an action which, in 1631, saved the lives of the Burgomaster and senators of Rothenburg.

We found the town alive with people in holiday dress from the neighbouring villages, peasants with long-skirted coats and jackets, and women dressed in dark colours, wearing picturesque black ribbon head-dresses, the lappets of which reached as low as their knees. On our way to the Rathaus we passed the Baumeister's Haus, a very remarkable gabled stone front, with an inner courtyard still more remarkable, a double tier of glazed balustraded galleries, with gabled windows above; it is one of the oldest interiors in Rothenburg. But when we reached the great market-place we were surprised at the grandeur of the Rathaus itself,—a very fine Renaissance building of the sixteenth century, with bits of Gothic introduced here and there. Just behind it is the old Rathaus, of much older date, partly destroyed by fire in 1501. The front part of this—in which Charles V. was detained eleven days by an attack of gout, and received the homage of the citizens of Rothenburg—was taken down in 1572, and in its place was built the present Rathaus, with its imposing classic portico fronting the Place, and its Gothic corner oriel looking down into the Herren Gasse, a broad street full of gabled mansions and quaint courtyards, the most remarkable among which is the Hof of the Standtchen Haus; close to the Rathaus is the handsome fountain of St. George.

Flags streamed from the upper storeys of the Rathaus, and the long balcony over the portico glowed with flowers, while on the steps below two of the performers, dressed in military costume of the time of the play, and with massive halberds, stood at each of the doors as sentinels. Going up the spiral staircase and through a grand vaulted lobby, supported by pillars, we were shown to our seats in the closely-filled rows across the Council Chamber, the very hall in which the "Meister Trunk" was taken.

I have not space here to describe the play in detail, but the interest was throughout wonderfully sustained; the dresses were admirable, some of them magnificent. All the performers were townspeople of Rothenburg.

The first part of the drama showed the strait the city was in from the siege carried on by the Imperialist troops to punish the contumacious Rothenburgers, who had joined the Protestant Union of Leipsic; but the Burgomaster Bezold and a former Burgomaster, Georg Rusch, firmly opposed all suggestions of surrender on the part of the other senators.

The second part opens with the news that a large body of Swedish allies are seen approaching; but a fresh bombardment by Tilly's troops has begun, and two breaches are made in the walls—breaches which are still shown from the outside of the town. Then comes worse news, the advancing troops are not Swedes—they are Imperialist soldiers, one of the Rothenburger leaders has fallen, their general is a prisoner, and Tilly's herald stands at the gate demanding the submission of the town. Then in comes the fierce Tilly with his six generals through the great doors of the Hall of the Rathaus, looking very martial as they march up on to the stage at the farther end, followed by their soldiers singing a hymn of praise to Tilly. Tilly speaks angrily, and sentences the Burgomaster and his colleagues to immediate execution. Bezold's niece, Magdalena Hirsching, comes in and begs mercy for them, kneeling with her two children before Tilly, but he orders her out of his presence.

A mighty pokal, holding thirteen schoppines of wine, is now brought forward by the cellarman of the Rathaus. Tilly and his generals find some difficulty in emptying it. Then Tilly orders it to be filled to the brim, and tells the trembling, sad-faced senators, who in their sombre garments make a powerful contrast to the velvets and satins, gold and feathers of their conquerors, that which ever of them

chooses may save his life by emptying the pokal at a draught. Georg Rusch comes forward, and says that if he may save his colleagues he will by God's help risk his own life and make the trial. Tilly consents. It was a most striking moment. Perhaps it was owing to its being broad daylight, and the knowledge that this true story had been enacted several years ago on this very spot, that there had been to us all through the most intense feeling of reality in this performance, and now the actors and the audience were alike breathless with expectation, while Rusch slowly raised the enormous goblet to his lips and drank it dry; then he sank into a chair, and in answer to Tilly's demand for his name, said "General, I'm called Georg Rusch—now keep thy word."

The author was called for at the end of the piece, and was enthusiastically applauded. Praise is the only reward he will accept for his labour, though he and his friend, a furrier of the town, have given several years of time to the production of this play, which has now been acted four or five times in Rothenburg. The town has spent more than 1,000l. on the costumes, which were made in Munich from designs of the period.

We were introduced to the author a few days after, and found him busy at work in his glass-maker's apron. He could not speak English, but he seemed a very simple, interesting man, and he took us to see the costumes which are kept at the Rathaus. He told us much about the town, showed us the Judentanz Haus (Jews' House), with its quaint oriel—a hospital now—on the right of the Weisser Thurm, one of the picturesque towered gates of Rothenburg. It is difficult to choose what to describe among so much that is interesting; impossible in these limits to give any adequate description of this remarkable town, but perhaps the approach to the Klingenberg Thor is as characteristic as any of its features. On the right is a long line of grey wall, the old fortification of the town topped by a tile-roof gallery, now turned into a rope-walk, with loopholes, through which one sees that the country on this side is level, only divided by a broad moat from the lofty old wall. Below the gallery are a series of arched bays between projecting buttresses; these bays are green and purple in this month of September, with richly-laden vines, or else stacked with faggots; at the end of the wall is a tree, and above this rises the lofty tower, with a three-sided tourelle in the centre of each of its four sides, a bell turret rising above all; beyond is a peep of far-off hills. When we reached the tower we saw through the arched doorway the Wolfgang Church. On the left side of this arched doorway was a red-roofed flight of steps full of exquisite effects of light and shade, and on the right the narrow moss-grown covering of the rope-walk; the Klingenberg Gasse leading from this gate to the centre of the town, is very picturesque—no two houses are exactly alike, except that all have gables; some of the windows have heavy mullions. Now and then we came upon a row of tall rosy oleanders in tubs. The Hof or courtyards of many of these houses are beautiful; in the Herren Gasse is a very handsome saloon in carved and inlaid wood-work, but the Rothenburgers seem to neglect their churches. St. Jacob's is fine but uninteresting, all the sculptured grave-stones and monuments are relegated into a chapel cut off from the church by an arched roadway that runs through the building. The beautiful Franziskaner Kirche is in a sad state of dirt and disorder, but the monuments are wonderfully quaint, especially that of a knight in complete armour, and his wife, with a rosary in her hands; these figures, both in high relief, and bearing traces of colour, are fixed against a pillar on the north side of the nave. Then there is the Spital, a very interesting Renaissance building of the sixteenth century, a house for the aged and infirm inhabitants of Rothenburg. At present living is cheap; you can live at the Goldner Hirsch for five marks a day, and the landlord, a most obliging man, is extremely anxious to bring his hotel up to the requirements of English travellers. At the foot of the steep hill, close beside the Tauber, is the Wildbad, small inn and bath establishment, where we were offered two good bedrooms for nine marks a week, and living cheap in proportion.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID



"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is a novel of exceptional ability, displaying both unusual knowledge of the world and that insight into character which is gained less from experience than from wide sympathy and keen imagination. It is not so much a story as the minute study of a single situation, and of one which, simple in itself, is well chosen as affording as wide a range as possible for the study of character in detail. Robert Clifford, a rich young man who has chosen philanthropy as a career chiefly for the reason that nature and circumstance have given him no other, advertises for a secretary, and is rash enough to choose a young woman, Hilda Reid, from among the innumerable applicants for the place. Both he and she are chivalrously pure and high-minded; but the situation becomes naturally more delicate than was at first supposed, especially as Clifford has accepted the terms of a will which make his estate dependent on his marriage with a certain beautiful cousin. The shy and slow degrees by which the studiously distant and formal relation between Clifford and Hilda develops into its obvious end are given with such extreme absence of sudden or forced effects as to have the air of a faithful photograph—not a touch is forgotten, and not a touch is unreal. Clifford himself is a particularly excellent study—a shy, rather awkward man, of a morbidly anxious and painfully conscientious temper, often doing injustice to himself and to his own motives, constantly seeming weak, but capable of strong passions, with a will strong enough to command them, and of that goodness of nature which is a very different thing from being good-natured. Hilda is a very charming portrait of a girl who has learned, without losing a grain of her womanhood, to fight the battle of life alone. But on the whole the men in this novel are more complete and satisfactory than the women, though we doubt if the author himself would be of the same opinion. Nothing can be better than the character of Captain Burrard—that easy-going, good-tempered, good-natured, not bad-hearted younger son, with rather shady notions of financial honour, but never likely to lose his caste or his head, and doomed to be lucky whatever he may do or say. He is something of a new type in fiction, and, with complete propriety, receives the hand of the beautiful Blanche Scallan for his reward. That young lady is also rather new, as the result of the graft of American upon British vulgarity. The author carefully steers clear of conventional misunderstandings and the usual stock-in-trade of the novelist, and successfully depends for his interest upon the perfectly natural lives of perfectly natural people. Strokes of humour are frequent, and they are never bitter, even when dealing with mean things, which are rightly left to condemn themselves. The novel successfully appeals to a higher order of readers than works of fiction usually care to deserve.

"Cecily's Debt," by Mrs. A. B. Church (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is the careful and faithful description of the most disagreeable form of English society abroad. An unpleasant subject is, however, handled with praiseworthy delicacy, and the characters are life-like and natural without being in the least coarsely drawn. For the rest, the novel can only be described as a long story about very little. It is the history of the troubles of a good and innocent girl whom an insanely perverse and exaggerated obligation of gratitude blinds to the fact that her friend Mrs.

Daylmer, alias Carew, is very much the contrary to what a good girl's friend ought to be. To repay some common kindness on Mrs. Daylmer's part Cecily breaks off with her lover because he will not see everything with her eyes, and does a great many foolish things from which, as is usual in novels, one touch of the commonest sense would have saved her. One does not want an ideal heroine to be worldly wise, but sympathy with a mere goose is difficult to maintain through three volumes. A great portion of the scene is laid in Florence, where of course the sort of life into which Mrs. Daylmer dragged Cecily is at least as common as elsewhere. This affords opportunity for beating out the story with the help of masked balls and fêtes about which English readers are still conventionally supposed to require instruction. On the whole, however, for a story about small frivolities treated in an appropriate manner, the novel must receive at least as much praise as blame. It contains nothing offensive, and not a little that is fairly amusing.

One of the complications in the last-named novel arose from one cousin being mistaken for another. By what is not, after all, a very curious coincidence, the plot of "Trust Her Not," by Helena Gullifer (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is also made up of a blunder about two cousins' identity, of an ill-behaved beauty, and of an extraordinary want of common sense on the part of all the characters. But, unlike "Cecily's Debt," "Trust Her Not" has neither any description of a more or less noteworthy sort of society, nor any other special characteristic, by way of a reason for existing. It is a simple story of curious coincidences brought about mainly by the agency of old clothes, for which the plot serves as a kind of peg. A girl mistakes one man for another because the former was wearing the latter's old straw hat, which the owner had not put on for some three years. On another occasion a man shoots a girl's idiot brother because the victim chanced to be wearing the great coat of a rival. Any author's capabilities for fiction of this sort are obviously only limited by the catalogue of a wardrobe. These are the leading incidents, but episodes without the slightest bearing on plot or character are thrown about at random, in defiance of all the laws of construction, while the style is certainly not above the average. Humour is of course the last quality to be looked for in works of this kind, and the usual result of its absence is found in the presence of much tawdry sentiment and unlikely conversation. And yet to place "Trust Her Not" below the level of the average novel would be perhaps unjustly and certainly needlessly severe.

NEAPOLITAN TYPES

NAPLES is remarkable for its rare combination of the squalidly picturesque and the regally grand. Five minutes' walk from the square of the royal palace brings you to a quarter where the narrow streets intersect each other in a mazy network. In some of the side-alleys the walls approach so closely that you can almost touch them with outstretched hands, while tattered cloths and garments flutter gaily in the wind overhead, and flights of well-worn steps lead at an easy grade upward.

Here in this neighbourhood you see the homes of that most characteristic class of Neapolitan society—the *lazzaroni*. In the olden time they were the conspicuous types of the streets, with their Phrygian caps, coarse woollen jackets, and bare legs and feet, always ready for sedition or conspiracy; but now they have nearly disappeared, while their name has become a synonym for idleness and degradation. Their time is passed mostly in front of their houses, and, as they have no secrets for the public, all occupations are performed in the open air. The mother cooks the noon-day meal, the father teaches his son the popular language of signs, some slatternly females comb and braid each other's raven tresses, while several scantily-clad urchins (*guaglioni*) sun themselves in contented drowsiness on the lava pavements.

In the course of your wanderings you will doubtless notice over some time-honoured doorway the word "Pizzeria." You have before you a thoroughly Neapolitan establishment, very much resembling a pastry-cook's shop. In one corner of the interior shines the glowing mouth of an oven, into which one white-aproned satellite thrusts the savoury compounds, while another bears the finished article to the shelves. At the counter stands the jolly, well-fed master of ceremonies, who deals out the appetising delicacies to purchasers, while consumers regale themselves zealously in little partitioned compartments. Once these shops were the favourite resorts of the wealthy and fashionable; but they have degenerated considerably since the days of their prime. Now people order their pastry sent home, and if an aristocrat sits down at the table of the *pizzaiuolo* it is only during a frolic, or in a moment of forgetfulness.

As you traverse some antiquated thoroughfare, a shrill peculiar cry salutes your ear, and, turning, you see a strange, tattered being who thus solicits patronage. It is the *castagnaro* (chestnut-seller) who balances on his head a wicker basket, in which he carries his wares, wrapped in cloth or impaled on pointed sticks. This ambulating vendor, who possesses an individuality of his own, plies his trade till late at night, and always attracts buyers by his endless drollery and good-humour. If you notice him he offers you a measure of his nuts at the stipulated price, but then looks up into your face so pleadingly, yet confidently, that you cannot refuse him an additional gratuity.

But what perhaps surprises you most in this city of incongruities is the freedom enjoyed by these industrial nomads, and especially to see the goats, cows, and donkeys traverse the streets unimpeded. Since 1848, when the populace showed their loyalty, the Government, to reward them, has granted to every itinerant vocation the most absolute liberty. The goatherd (*capraro*), covered with dust, unkempt of beard, and carrying a stout stick of very hard wood in his hand, begins at daybreak his morning round, leisurely driving his goats before him. At some doorway, in which stands, picturesquely posed, a pretty maid in her neat costume, he stops to leave the daily supply, but as he milks his animals he manages to pour into the glasses a little tepid water from a leathern bottle which he keeps concealed in his sleeve. Thus he pretends to give a great deal, but it is really half froth, and the poor girl must often bear the reproach of her mistress. After visiting his patrons he goes into the country and seeks for his herd a scanty pasturage, availing himself of all the refuse leaves, peelings, and remnants of vegetables that he finds in the streets. One hour before *Ave Maria* he returns to the city, makes a second circuit, and then retires to rest with his animals.

Those who do not like to trust these wandering milkmen may go to the stables, which are located in the very heart of the city, and present a novel and diverting appearance. Here are kept cows, goats, and asses, which are milked at any hour to suit customers; pails and measures stand ready on the table, where several attendants are always seen in a state of semi-somnolence, and scattered cabbage-stalks, beet-tops, and turnip-peelings lend variety and character to the scene.

But if you wish to attend, for a change, an odd and ancient entertainment, take a ramble in the Strada del Molo, near the lighthouse. At a certain point you see a crowd absorbed in something which proves to be a seedy sexagenarian, energetically declaiming. Let me introduce to you a real *Campanian*, the symbol of legendary romance—the popular orator of the street. With an old discoloured manuscript in one hand, and a stick in the other, expressing by gesture, glance, and intonation all the variations of the tale, (perhaps Ariosto or Tasso), the *cantatore* excites his auditors, who hang on his lips, weep, laugh, or rise in fury, threatening the perfidious enchanter, or the traitorous Moor. You pay only a trifle for a seat on the benches, and no one refuses a gratuity to the bard in his patched coat and dirty hat.

J. W. HOLCOMBE



THE successive editions of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates" (Ward and Lock) are a record of progress; and this, the seventeenth, bringing "the history of the world up to the autumn of 1881," tells us about the Jingoism, the Judenhetze, the pyrophone, and all the other *phones*, as well as about matters like the affair of Majuba Hill. The book was first published in 1841. Since then History has been making itself at an unusually rapid rate, while Science has taken several of Mr. Gladstone's leaps. Mr. B. Vincent, who has had charge of the work since 1855, is evidently enthusiastic in his efforts to give us "a dated Cyclopædia." He is to be congratulated on the result; almost everything the average reader can want is to be found in this most useful volume. We say *thing* advisedly; for we are pulled up short when we look for persons. However, a "Dictionary of Biography" is, we are glad to find, in preparation. Of course, in such a work one must often be content with disappointing outlines. One touch more would have explained that the Magi are traditionally identified with St. Matthew's "wise men out of the East," and that *honi* (or rather *honni*) in the motto of the Garter is not "evil," but the participle of the verb *honnir* (from the German *Hohn*). It is puzzling, too, to come upon "Fairs of Saxon origin were instituted in Italy about 500;" and to read: "the renowned Arthur was elected King about 500." But, though Mr. Vincent may feel it right thus to protest against historical sceptics, he ought to know that *cromlech* is no longer used of a "stone altar," but of a circle of stones.

We do not think that Mr. H. Dulcken's "Worthies of the World" (Ward and Lock) deserves to be named on the same day as Haydn's Dictionary. The worthies are as well mixed as the statues—"bould Caesar and Nebuchadnezzar" and therest—in "the groves of Blarney." Goldsmith elbows Dante; Mr. Gladstone forms a sandwich along with Bunyan and Luther; Chaucer comes next to Nelson; Homer to Mr. John Bright. Socrates, Knox, and Spurgeon, some may think appropriately placed together, but why is Bruce edged in between them? Of course there is a vast amount of information in these 760 pages. We cannot say that all the sketches are critical (according to the promise of the title page), nor that those who read Mr. Dulcken's summary about Wallace and Homer will be in a condition to break a lance with Mr. Freeman or with the Premier; but such readers will have learnt a great deal of which many University men are ignorant. The book is an excellent one for Free Libraries and young men's institutions. It is a pity to have disfigured it with portraits in many cases quite mythical. We are glad there is no attempt at a portrait of Simon de Montfort.

"Every Man His Own Mechanic" (Ward and Lock) sounds like a promising mode of resisting the unbearable tyranny of the skilled artisan. If only we could learn how to do our own carpentering, and build our own summer-house, we should save a good deal in pocket as well as in comfort; while a man who could mend his own gutters and patch his own roof need not dread a frost in the abject way in which the suburban householder is obliged to do. Even if we do not aim so high as this, it is interesting to fathom the mysteries of sash-frames, to be able to put on a pair of hinges, or to mend a garden gate. All this and much more the volume before us tells in a most practical way, beginning by showing the amateur how to hold and use his tools (who hasn't for want of such showing often sawn into one of his fingers?), how to make good glue, how to cut a mortise, and other necessary details. We are also told where to buy all our tools; but the writer assures us that in mentioning names he has no idea of "puffing." The book (which first appeared in parts) is an excellent one for the colonies; but we also think that here at home, while women's fingers are so busy, men might do a deal more with their hands, and find in doing it the recreation which comes from change of work far more than from absolute idleness. Many a boy would be delighted to get the book for a prize.

American actors have sometimes taken London by storm, nor are we in the least disposed to deny that they have often shown marked ability; but if "Edwin Forrest" (Bogue) is a fair sample of the "American Actor Series," we fear the "series" will be a failure. Dramatic fame is terribly evanescent; and we cannot believe there is a public who will care for 170 pages about every American celebrity. Mr. Barrett's life of Forrest is a treat to scandal-lovers. One would gladly forget the Astor Place riot, and the painful way in which Macready and Forrest were embroiled through the jealous and ungovernable temper of the latter. The law courts decided that Forrest had no ground for his jealousy; but he still persisted in dragging his grievances before the public in a way which justified the bitter words of the New York lawyer O'Connor: "I'd not decided to accept Mrs. Forrest's brief, but your brutal conduct determined me, and I warn you I'll show you no mercy." We wish Mr. Barrett had given us less about Forrest's squabbles, and more about the early state of the drama in America. He is hard upon Macready; but we believe it is true that that undoubtedly great actor disliked, if he did not even despise, his profession.

So long as Victor Hugo lives few will forget the struggle between Romanticists and Classicists when, in Mr. Brander Matthews's words, "Hernani sounded his trumpet, and the hollow walls of Classicism fell with a final crash." "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century" (Remington and Co.) gives us the results of this struggle in a series of interesting sketches of Hugo, Dumas, Scribe, and the other leaders of the Romanticists and of their successors down to M.M. Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, and that very questionable hero, M. Zola—"the prophet" (says Mr. Matthews) "of the coming power, Naturalism, which is to supersede the Realism of the Empire just as Augier and M. Dumas *filis* installed Realism, in the place of Romanticism. The French drama during this century certainly deserves study, if only because we in England have been such constant debtors to it. And Mr. Matthews's analyses of the most popular dramas and criticism of their authors is generally as correct as it is interesting. He is right in estimating *La Belle Hélène* so highly, and also (we think) in fixing as he does the relative position of Ponsard and Augier. The essays of which the book is composed deserved reprinting.

Judging from experience, we should say that whoever takes up "The Nightless North" (Jones and Pigott, Cambridge: Kent, London) late in the evening will be constrained to sit up far beyond his time, so enticingly does Mr. Morrice tell the story which, as he assures us, "is free from all geographical and antiquarian details, all useful statistics," and such like—is, in fact, a mere diary, but one of the most readable of diaries. We have been taken to Trondhjem before (it is said that "restoration" has reached even that cathedral), and along the black Norway coast; others have introduced us to the unsavoury Lapps, and have pointed out the difference between them and Quains; we know how hard it often is to get sport in Norwegian rivers and lakes, when one tries for trout where there are only pike, and *vice versa*. But pleasanter travel companions we have never had than Mr. Morrice, and his Scotch friend who was always ready to swim an ice-cold river, and the poor Irish retriever who at last fell a victim to the *miig* (mosquitos). The "Walk Across Lapland" is scarcely a thing to be imitated. Swamps where no living thing is to be seen, and across which the Lapp guide almost loses his way in the rain, are not inviting; but Mr. Morrice gets fun even out of them, and by and by he has to tell about extortionate boatmen, and lost baggage, and finally the enchanting public gardens of Stock-

holm. "Vorfor" (why)? was the constant inquiry the travellers had to satisfy. "That I may amuse and interest my friends at home," Mr. Morrice might have replied. Many of his experiences are useful for intending travellers; thus, "Lat han spise" (let them, *i.e.*, the *miig*, feed, instead of making the place swell by rubbing it) is sound advice for those who are stoical enough to carry it out. It is strange to think of Norsemen up by Nyborg talking of Walter Scott, and discussing the authenticity of Shakespeare's plays.

Ten years have gone by while the new edition of the "Imperial Dictionary" (Blackie and Son) has been preparing; and it is startling to find that during that time "so greatly has the vocabulary been augmented that the new edition may justly claim to be considered a new work." Discouraging this to the possessors of the old edition, and to those who have been wont to trust to their Johnson or their Richardson. This book is, however, much more than a mere dictionary; it is an Encyclopædia, and gives such words as *anamnesia* and *anamirta* and *cusco-cinchonine*, as well as crakys (big guns), and *capouch* and *antimensium* and *albadara* and *allerion*. It does not condescend to Boycotting, though it admits Bowdlerising, and gives a picture and history of the Colorado beetle. We should prefer relegating the mineralogical and botanical names into a volume by themselves; but no doubt they help to fulfil the claim to completeness. The compilers also claim that their book is not by any means dry reading, and this also is true of many of the pages of this first instalment.

From a literary point of view Vols. XV. and XVI. of the Charles Dickens' *édition de luxe* (published by Chapman and Hall, Limited, printed by R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor) are especially interesting, inasmuch as they contain the nine Christmas stories contributed to *All the Year Round*, and "The Uncommercial Traveller." What a feast of good things is here! We have only to recal Christopher, the Head Waiter, Mrs. Lirriper, and Dr. Marigold to be reminded of many past delicious treats. What a pioneer, too, Dickens was in many matters! Let us mention two. He invented the idea of Christmas annual stories, now become rather a bore; and with "Somebody's Luggage" he introduced that mysterious form of advertising which piques public curiosity, and which has been so often successfully employed since. The illustrations to these two volumes are mostly of the conventional type, and call for no special remark.

Richly-decorated photographic albums have been in vogue for some years past, but nothing in our experience has hitherto been produced equalling in artistic perfection the "Renaissance Album," recently issued by Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho Square. The aim in this work has been to enhance the beauty of the photographic portrait by a rich framework of design. This intention has been most ably carried out by Professor Fischbach, who has gathered these decorative framings from the best artistic works of past times. Some are from the Persian, others from the Koran illuminations, others from the Arabesque, others (in which children, animals, and plants are represented) are pure Renaissance. The illuminations are chromo-lithographed on crimped paper, by which means a wonderful imitation of richly woven gold and silk fabrics is obtained. The album, which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated, is strongly and tastefully bound; while, by an ingenious little arrangement, the ordinary clasp can, at the pleasure of the owner, be converted into a lock.



II.

The *Contemporary* for October is grave and statistical. "City Life in the United States" gives an interesting, but somewhat gloomy, picture of those monster cities of which New York is at once the sovereign and the type. Fifty years ago 20,000, was a large fortune there. There is now one citizen worth twenty millions. But the increase of wealth has not been an unmixed good. Money, not character, has become the standard of excellence. And fortunes mostly made, as all men know, not by productive industry, but by lucky speculations or the "unearned increment" of fortunate investments, far from commanding respect, only deepen the gulf between rich and poor, and feed apace those Socialistic tendencies of which even America is beginning to have some experience. Altogether the writer seems not unwarranted in his belief that "the nation has more to fear than to hope for in these great cities."—"The Irish Question," by a Continental Observer, puts very fairly the mingled sentiments with which foreign Liberals regard the situation in the sister island; sympathy with the tenant and dislike of an agrarian system essentially different from their own contending with disapproval of the Separatist movement and grave distrust of the Romish priesthood, though these latter feelings predominate on the whole, and quite remarkably so in the case of the few foreigners who have studied the Irish question on the spot.—Mr. Mulhall's brief survey of "Two Decades of Industry" brings out some very satisfactory statistics of the growth of commerce and commercial profits in the decade which came last year to an end. A single sentence on "the absurdity of supposing that we are on the eve of a disastrous gold famine," scarcely, however, disposes altogether of all the considerations adduced by M. de Laveleye in his parallel article, "Common-place Fallacies Concerning Money."—In "Canada and Mr. Goldwin Smith" Sir F. Hincks combats with considerable effect the Professor's over-confident assertion that Canada is willing to forfeit her independent existence by the "happy despatch" of a "Commercial Union," and so drop like a ripe pear into the arms of the United States, and that all utterances in the Canadian Parliament counter to this view must be disregarded since the Parliament does not represent Canadian opinion; and the Professor himself contributes, under the title "Naseby and Yorktown," a neat historical essay on the three great revolutions of the Teutonic race—the Dutch, the English, and the American—as connected scenes of one great drama, the conflicting forces in which are successively embodied in history as "the Reformation, the Renaissance, the Revolution." A phrase this last to which we fear alliteration contributes more than reason, for even the act of Milton's being a Cromwellian will hardly justify us in describing the Puritan Revolution as an embodiment of the forces of the Renaissance.

The *Century* (late *Scribner's*) celebrates its change of name in a very good and considerably enlarged number, with an interesting supplement, "The Literary History of *Scribner's Monthly*." As a choice bit of biographical criticism Mr. Myers' "George Eliot" takes, perhaps, foremost rank among many excellent articles. But besides this, Mrs. Chapman contributes a highly readable and beautifully illustrated paper, "In the Footsteps of Fortuny and Regnault." Mr. Stillman seeks, somewhat hardly, to identify "The So-called Venus of Melos" with the lost Nike Apteros of the Acropolis of Athens. It is true the statue of the Melian goddess is no longer, we believe, generally supposed to have been part of a group of Ares and Aphrodite. But from this to the denial that it is a Venus at all—not even a Venus Victrix—is a long step; and Mr. Stillman does not deign to notice the inscription said to have been discovered at its base, "Alexander Menides' son made me," which would certainly militate against the "Wingless Victory" hypothesis.—Tommaso Salvini has an interesting paper on his conceptions of the three great Shakespearean characters of which he is the foremost foreign interpreter; while for fiction there is a laughter-moving reminiscence of the Secession War, by Mark Twain, and the first instalment of a

clever story by Mrs. Burdett, the title of which, "Through One Administration," may hold out promise of some political sketches, or possibly indicate the length of time its Jacob has to serve for Rachel.—*St. Nicholas* is also a good number—specially happy this month in its serio-comic illustrations.

In the *Gentleman's* "Charles Dickens at Home" is exceptionally rich in genial reminiscences of the ever-green novelist in his house at Gadshill among his contributors and his dogs, or lightening the intervals of a "reading tour" with never-failing jest and anecdote. Indeed, this and a preceding article on the same subject are two of the pleasantest papers about Dickens we have ever read.—"The Story of Wulf-geat" is a pretty fiction of the first descent of the English on East Anglia, which would be prettier still if Mr. Grant Allan's sense of the importance of the ancient Briton as an element in the composition of the English people had not been so strong as to carry him away into sarcastic side-hits at "Eminent Historians" who ignore the continued existence (under difficulties) of the dolicocephalic race in Saxon England.—In "An Early Roman Guide Book" Mr. John Kempe furnishes, with more than usual charm and excellence of style, a curious collection of the myths and legends which Mediæval antiquaries piled up about the ruins of Old Rome.

In the *St. James's* Miss Schwartz's tale of "Guilty or Not Guilty" is still the most conspicuous feature.—"Manitoba" is a fair sketch of a new "land of promise" for the emigrant; and a "Holiday Trip to New York and Back in a State-liner" is a readable account of a somewhat novel way of spending a vacation—healthy, no doubt, and possibly not without its charms to an idler who is also a good sailor.—"Literary Iconoclasts" is a severe, but we think well deserved, denunciation of Miss Braddon's ill-judged attempt to "boil down" Scott.

An "Illustrated History of the World" (Part I.: Ward, Lock, and Co.) opens fairly with a sufficient bird's-eye view of the early Oriental nations, nicely illustrated with original engravings from Chinese, Assyrian, and Egyptian monuments.

The Western Antiquary; or, Devon and Cornwall Note-Book—a periodical in the style of *Notes and Queries*, edited by W. H. Wright, of the Plymouth Public Library—is another new publication which, duly indexed, will prove of permanent value to all who care for the old customs, the old traditions, and the old families of the two Western counties. Among its many good features we would especially call notice to the engravings given of interesting old buildings which have been demolished within living memory.

HALLOWE'EN IN COUNTY MAYO

HALLOWE'EN is a great yearly festival with the Irish Celt. He does not stop to think whether the 31st of October is a special day of vigil for the souls of the departed or not—his Reverence the Priest will talk about that to-morrow at Mass—but he does pause to remember that the time has come when he may seek for charms, peep into the future, converse with fairies, who, as Mayo men and women know, are dancing on every rath, and—most important of all—steal his neighbours' cabbages. It is this cabbage-stealing, a custom good-naturedly winked at by householders, which is "the event" of the night. In laughing groups of three or four the "boys" and girls slip out of their own homes while their fathers and mothers are smoking by the great peat fires, and running across the fields, white, perhaps, with an early frost, make for the nearest cabbage garden. The property of some dark-souled old curmudgeon, who has long since passed the days of moonlight expeditions in search of fate as represented by cabbage-heads, is generally chosen; and as the whitewashed gable of his cottage looms in view, and the plot of ground with its rows of plants gleaming in the soft beams of the moon is revealed, the party separate, and creep cautiously forward. Very just apprehensions are entertained that the irascible owner is lurking behind some suitable post of observation, ready, with a shovel in his hand, to drive off all intruders. This, however, may not always be the case, for the keen night air and the desire to have a "pull at the pipe" often send him into the cottage for a few minutes, thus giving the girls or boys time to jump over the low boundary wall and challenge fate by plucking, with their eyes tightly closed, the hard white heads. If the plant is almost a perfect circle, with each leaf lapping firmly round its comrade, the fortunate possessor may be certain of a handsome spouse; but if, on the other hand, it is broken, crooked, or has dragging untidy leaves, a humpbacked, ill-favoured, and bad-tempered husband or wife will be the result. A cabbage that has been eaten by caterpillars is also very unlucky, as it foretells a small-poxed lover. The head is then taken home and placed on the dresser in the kitchen, and the person who first comes into the cottage the next morning is greeted with shouts of laughter, and told that he or she, as the case may be, is fated to be the bridegroom or bride of the individual to whom the cabbage belongs. As a rule, however, very few of the peasants object to having half-a-dozen or so heads stolen out of their gardens. It is the custom; and the Celt has an unbounded respect for what his fathers practised before him. So general is it, indeed, that even children join in the yearly license. One tiny lame girl I know, planned last year to take "the biggest cabbage out of father's garden;" and unable to keep her great secret, let every one into it by hints and smiles. So when the time arrived, and the child crept out of the cottage, her father sat laughing by the fire, and on her return appeared to be as much surprised as ever his little daughter could have wished when she showed him her prize in triumph.

But cabbage-stealing, though the most important of the "rites" practised in Mayo on Hallowe'en, is not the only one. Ruddy-cheeked girls who have been digging potatoes in their fathers' fields all day, and whom one would imagine were as free from sentiment as their own inanimate spades, have an unholy and difficult trick, which they believe will, when properly tried, enable them to find out what their future husbands are like. This is nothing less than to eat a herring, bones and all, unobserved by any one. If this horrible feat be safely accomplished, Nora or Biddy may creep out of bed about midnight, and gaze into the small family glass which always hangs near the window. Here her startled eyes will not only meet their own reflection, but she will see, peering over her shoulder, the face of the "boy" who before next Lent will make her his bride.

But Hallowe'en has another and more weird significance for the Celt. On this night he supposes the souls of the unbaptised babies, whose bodies lie in unblest ground, come sobbing round their lost homes, praying for deliverance from the fairies who have forced them to join their hands in the raths. Many a lonely mother sitting sadly by the fire starts as a bird taps at the window, or a leaf is blown against the pane. It is her dead baby, she knows, freed for these few hours from the thrall of the "queer people," who has come to gaze hopelessly in at the warm kitchen and the mother from whom it was so rudely torn, while it shivers and wails in the cold. Then she will make the sign of the cross and weep, but dares not offer up a prayer for the doomed soul, which, she believes, must wander lost and hopeless for eternity.

L.

TASMANIAN GOLD AND TIN MINES own some queer names. Amongst the most curious are "Who Can Tell?" "Queen's Birthday," "Native Youth," "Just in Time," and "Try Again."

A NEW ISLAND has been discovered in the South Pacific by a German steamer. The island is of volcanic origin, is a mile wide and a mile long, and is about fifty feet high at the greatest elevation. It is situated in lat. 7°48 S. and long. 83°48 W., and is about one hundred miles west of the nearest land, Point Aguja, in Peru.



1.—SECURING THE BULLS FOR THE CORRIDO



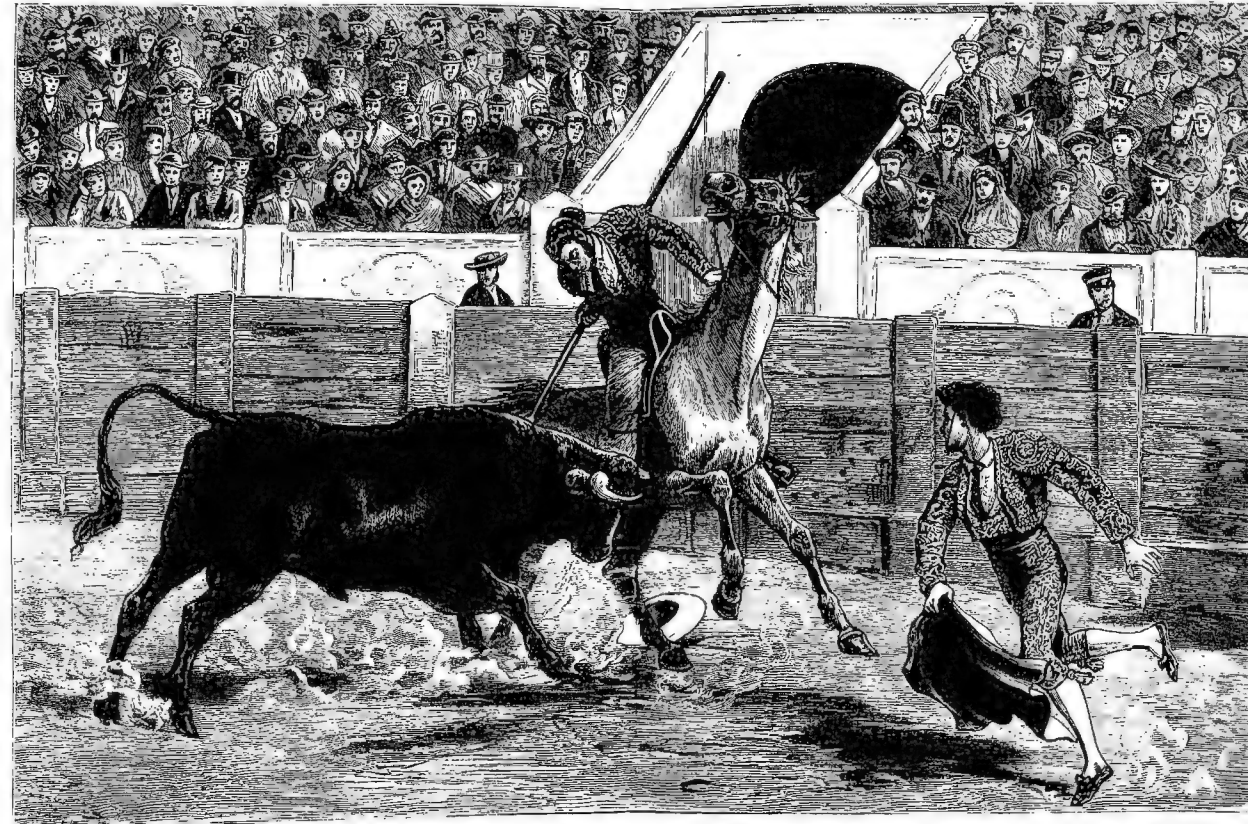
2.—THE PROCESSION OF THE CUADRILLA



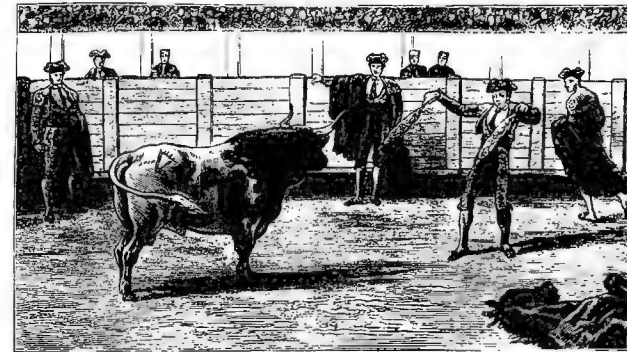
3.—DELIVERING THE KEY OF THE TORRIL



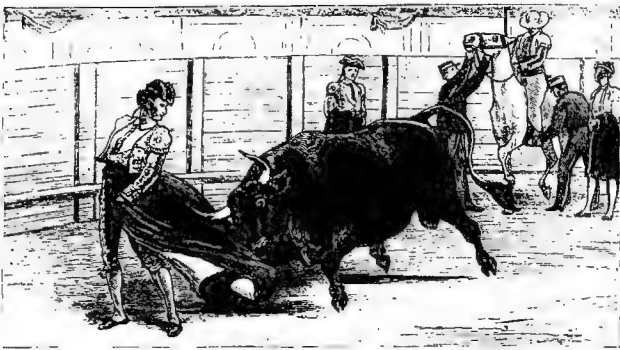
5.—DRAWING THE BULL AWAY FROM A FALLEN PICADOR



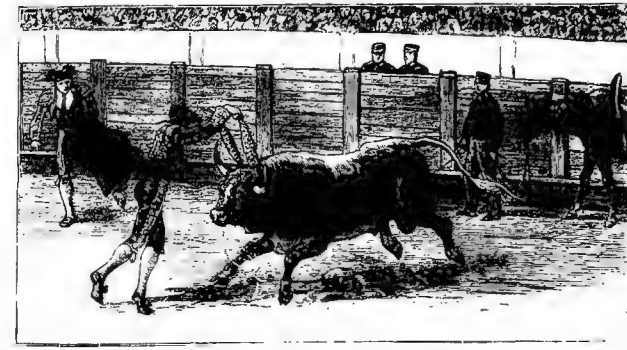
4.—PICADOR RECEIVING A CHARGE



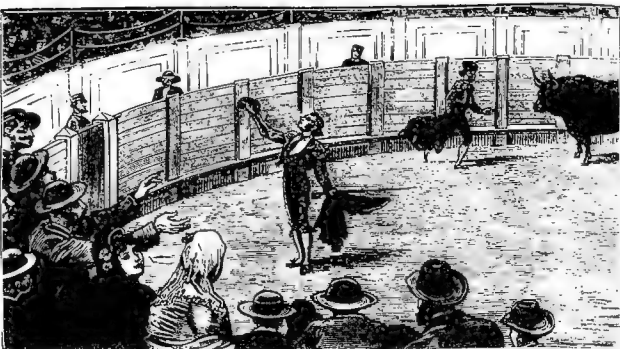
7.—BANDERILLO DEFYING THE BULL



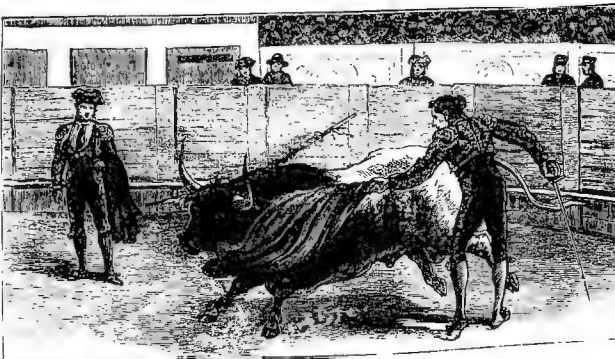
6.—THE "BACKWARD PASS" WHILE A PICADOR IS BEING PUT TO RIGHTS



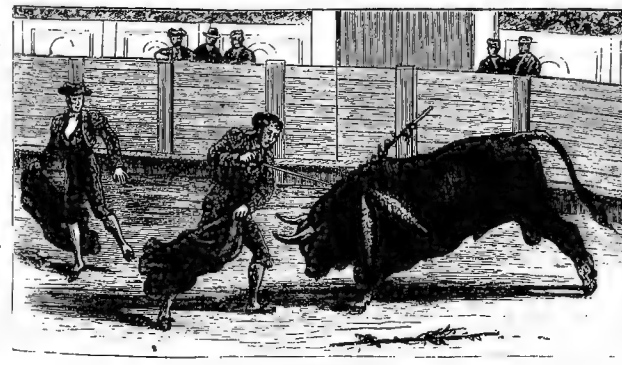
8.—PLACING THE BANDERILLAS WITH A SIDEWAY PASS



9 THE ESPADA SALUTING THE PRESIDENT



10. THE ESPADA'S LITTLE PLAY



11.—A GOOD FINISH



12. A BAD FINISH

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE BULL RING AT MADRID



MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—An admirable series of "School Exercises," by F. N. Löhr, will prove of the greatest utility in the schoolroom. Book I., "Elementary Music," may, as its title would suggest, be placed in the hands of a beginner, and if the student can answer correctly the well-chosen questions for examination at the end of the volume, after carefully going through the studies, he or she will have made good progress. Book II. is "Sight Singing," arranged on a plain and simple system, by means of which the student will learn to produce the voice well, and to read with facility. Book III. is for more advanced pupils than Nos. 1 and 2. It consists of "Solfeggi in Two Parts," by Couccone, edited by F. N. Löhr. Part singing is so delightful a means of passing an evening that the study of it is almost compulsory for vocal students; duets prettily sung by even small voices are always welcome in a concert programme or the home circle.—F. N. Löhr sends us a dramatic song with a very effective choral refrain, sung in the distance first by female voices alone, then for mixed voices; "The Vesper Hour" is its name; the poetical words are by E. Oxenford. We commend this song to the attention of mezzo-soprano-singers for "People's Concerts" and "Musical Readings."—More than average merit, both as regards music and words, the former by C. Mackay, the latter by W. H. Nichols, is united in "The Offered Flower," a lullaby of medium compass.—Two spirited songs for a baritone voice are: "A Gallant's Song," words by A. G. Symonds, music by Luigi Camerana, and "Song of the Huntsman," for which the above composer has written a stirring melody to pleasing poetry by Miss L. Pountney.—A brace of well-written and moderately difficult pieces for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by W. Bauerkeller, are "Allegretto all' Ongrese" and "Andante in D." The latter is the easier of the two.—"Drei Charakterstücke," for the pianoforte, by Heinrich Müller, are graceful and musically compositions which may profitably be learned by heart.—By the same composer is "Gavotte Brillant" (in the modern style), which has no salient feature to distinguish it from scores of compositions in a like style.—Three useful pieces for the schoolroom are: "Farewell to the Swiss Mountains," by J. A. Oesch—the best of the group; "Forest Echoes," by R. A. Klitz; and "Twilight Dreams," a pretty nocturne by J. Sherwood, who has also composed "The Lively Polka" and "The Snowball Polka," which are of a very ordinary type, but tuneful and danceable.—"The Bachelors' Ball Galop," by A. W. Doery, is bright and dance-inspiring; it will make its mark during the coming winter season.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—For churches where choral services are performed, a "High Festival Communion Service," by G. Carter, will prove a very useful addition to their libraries. It will also take a good place in the sacred portion of a Choral Society Concert. The music is worthy the pen of this clever composer.—Two songs, music by Gabriel Davis, are refined and smoothly written. "By the River" is a sentimental poem by H. Gardener.—"King Carnival" is not a rollicking poem, as its name would infer, but a pathetic tale by F. E. Weatherly, M.A.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Christmas Tide," a Service of Sacred Song, with connective readings compiled from the Bible by S. C. Clarke, M.A., music edited and partly composed by Arthur H. Brown, is intended for Christmas Day as a special afternoon service, but may be used at any sacred gathering at this festive season. The original music is well written, and the hymns, selected from the "Ancient and Modern," are judiciously chosen" (F. Pitman).—"Spring" (*Primavera*) is a cheerful and melodious song, published in three keys, music by P. M. Costa, the words, adapted by Henry Hersee from the Italian (Tito di Gio Ricordi).—"Meliora," a caprice for the pianoforte by W. B. Graham, will repay the trouble of learning by heart (C. Jefferys).

NOVEMBER SUPERSTITIONS

THE month which constitutes the transition from autumn to winter is one with which popular superstition has been exceptionally busy, and this not in Britain alone, but in nearly every country of the Continent as well. It is not difficult to perceive some of the reasons for this. By the end of October the harvesting, that has vexed the souls of all that live by the land and its fruits through the late summer and autumn, will be over, and the time come for thanksgiving and rejoicing, and "glad gatherings round the festal hearth." In the lands where the vine is cultivated, it was the time for drawing off and tasting the fresh and heady "must," and in hop countries for brewing that mellow old October ale which our fathers loved, not wisely perhaps, but often too well. Thus it was that in ancient Greece and Rome the early part of November was marked by a great drinking festival, the Latin Vinalia, corresponding to our Martinmas, the jovial traditions of which are not yet quite extinct in the North. In mediæval England, moreover, where the practice of keeping cattle throughout the winter was scarcely known, this was the season in which animals were slaughtered, and their flesh salted to serve for consumption till the following spring. Hence old Tusser's advice to the prudent housekeeper:

For Easter at Martinmas hang up a beefe;
With that and the like, ere grass beefe come in,
Thy folk shall look cheerly when others look thin.

It was natural enough that all this eating and drinking and conviviality just as the nights were drawing in, and the mists beginning to hang over the meadows, should give rise to much telling of ghost stories by the fireside, and recounting old legends of charms and witchcraft, and strange modes by which futurity might be unlocked to the eager gaze of prying mortals. The eve of All Hallow's—the first day of the month—has always been the appropriate time for calling up the shadows of coming events, and has been specially favoured for this purpose, as might perhaps be expected, by lovers. "The man who seeks to know the future," says an Eastern proverb, "if he is not a lover, must certainly be a fool." The mystic rites by which this knowledge was to be attained will be fresh in the memory of every reader of Burns' delightful little sketch of an Ayrshire "Hallowe'en," where they are given with a fulness and detail that leave little more to be said on the subject. It is a curious testimony to the unchangeable character of popular superstition to find that many of the ceremonies commemorated by the peasant-poet a century ago still form the traditional beliefs of our nurseries and farmhouses, and are still occasionally practised in places not at all remote from the centres of civilisation. It is not everybody nowadays who has the chance of dipping a "left sark-sleeve" in a brook where three lairds' lands meet, or going alone to a barn "to win three wechts of naething;" but the easier, though not less appalling charm, of eating an apple before a looking-glass, and waiting till the destined spouse appears looking over the gazer's shoulder, has by no means fallen into abeyance, and a diligent inquirer would probably find that it has been performed by more than one love-lorn maiden in this present year of grace, within sound of railways and tram-cars, and almost under the glare of the electric light itself. There are other festivals in November which share with All Hallow's Eve the property of affording anxious damsels a glimpse of their future destiny in the state of matrimony. The twenty-fifth of the month is dedicated to St. Catherine, the lady who has bestowed her name on the firework dear

to the heart of schoolboys, in commemoration of the wheel set round with iron spikes, which was the pleasing instrument selected for her martyrdom; and we are told by Camden that the girl who devotes the day to fasting and prayer will get a sight of the man who is to be her future husband. A similar tradition is related by no less a person than Dr. Martin Luther concerning the anniversary of St. Andrew.

November was anciently, and to some extent is still, the season of processions and pageants of various kinds. It is said that vestiges of Druidic ceremonies are to be traced in the custom once common of making bonfires and carrying lighted torches during its first week. There are even to be found sceptics who hint that the orthodox mode of celebrating the "gunpowder treason and plot" is much older than Guy Fawkes, and has only become accidentally associated with that ill-fated conspirator. Similarly it has been said the Lord Mayor's pageant on the 9th of November, and the civic feast which follows it, are the representatives of an old Bacchic procession, and a drinking-bout in honour of the god of the grape. It is noticeable that the day of St. Martin of Tours comes just about this time, and that St. Martin, though originally and properly the patron of beggars, became the mediæval substitute for Bacchus and the tutelary saint of vintners and publicans. The anniversary of his martyrdom was celebrated with a good deal of riot and merriment, and marching about in procession with masquers dressed as satyrs and "salvage men," and it is worth observing that in 1702 Sir Francis Dashwood, a noted vintner, on his installation as chief magistrate of the City, combined the Lord Mayor's "Show" with a grand pageant in honour of St. Martin. There were several other dates in November which were once made the occasion of some sort of popular display, when effigies and images of various kinds were carried about the streets—a custom now limited to the fifth. Queen Elizabeth's Day was usually observed down to late in the last century by parading a figure of the Pope or the Pretender through the various quarters of London, and subsequently committing it to the flames, with all due dishonour, at Temple Bar. Hone, in his "Every-Day Book," gives an account of a celebration of the day of St. Clement (November 23), the patron of blacksmiths, by the workmen of Woolwich Arsenal, as late as 1825, when a man dressed up as "Old Clem," was carried round on a chair to all the public-houses of the town, at each of which the party halted and "partook of refreshments"—a process, by the bye, extremely common in all these November ceremonials. According to the same authority, even the day consecrated to the virginal St. Catherine was kept in a similar fashion, and with a like consumption of excisable liquors, by the jovial blacksmiths. Hood in a clever little poem has described the general negative dullness of this month of fogs and showers:—

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruit, no flowers, no leaves, no trees,
November.

One of the most curious and striking of November customs was that practised at Naples on All Souls' Day. The chancel houses were thrown open, brilliantly lighted with torches, and decked with flowers, while crowds of people thronged the vaults to gaze at the bodies of friends and relatives, whose fleshless skeletons were adorned with costly robes and ornaments. In some of the cities of Southern Italy a feast used to be made in each house on All Souls' Eve, and left to be eaten by the spirits of the dead, who were supposed to revisit their ancient haunts on that night. Their living descendants quitted their abodes, and spent the night in prayer in the churches. In the morning they returned to inspect the banquets, and to rejoice if they were found entirely consumed; for it was considered extremely inauspicious if any morsel of it remained. The efforts, however, of rationalistic and hungry visitors in mortal guise were usually found sufficient to avert the evil omen.

S. J. L.



THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW which opens early in December, bids fair to be more than usually successful. The entries of stock are quite up to the average number, while the demands for space for the exhibition of implements which have become a prominent feature of the Show are so great that many refusals have had to be pronounced. The Hall will shortly have an entirely new floor, and the Club having bought several houses adjacent, an important enlargement of this already immense building will soon be effected.

A LIVERPOOL DAIRY SHOW.—The second city of the realm is rather ashamed of being behind London, Birmingham, and Ayr, in respect to a good Dairy Show. It is estimated that over 10,000 dairy cows are kept in Liverpool; the cow-keepers also are mostly North-countrymen, are gradually increasing in numbers, and the demand for healthy and sound-constituted cows is very great, so that better prices are realised in Liverpool than in London.

"THE LAND."—The late Lord Hatherley has left six thousand pounds personally to be invested in the purchase of real estate.—In Somersetshire and Wiltshire there have been some farms recently let at a slight improved rental.—The Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby has remitted 15 to 25 per cent. of their rents to her Lincolnshire tenants, according to the extent of the losses last August and September.—The rateable value of the parish of Grimsby has increased from 79,513*l.* to 124,774*l.* on the decade.—The Earl of Derby is continuing his land purchases, and putting into act his belief that now is the time to invest in real estate.—The Duke of Devonshire has remitted 10 per cent. of the rents of his Sussex tenantry.—Colonel Walrond, M.P., has returned 10 per cent. of his rents to the Devonshire farmers who hold under him.—The Duke of Bedford proposes having his Woburn estates revalued.

AGRICULTURAL LAND REFORM.—Mr. James Howard, M.P., says:—"Before the introduction of the Agricultural Holdings Act my friend and coadjutor, Mr. C. S. Read, was wont to assert that he should not care to walk across the floor of the House to pass a Permissive Tenant Right Bill; looking at the present circumstances and condition of agriculture, to borrow Mr. Read's words, I would not care to walk across the floor to pass a Compulsory Tenant Right Bill unless it contained ample provisions against the injustice of raising the rent to an improving tenant. This practice in the past has exercised a most pernicious influence. The aim in any future legislation should be to render injustice impossible, a grasping landowner or tyrannical land-agent should be restrained from doing that which a just landlord or a fair-minded land-agent would shrink from."

KEEP.—During the approaching winter many farmers will be badly off for keep owing to the short yield of swedes and turnips, and expenses will be considerably increased. Lambing is expected to be fairly early this year, beginning about Christmas, and in Southern and Eastern England being generally over by Candlemas. Some farmers who had originally intended their mangolds for the dairy stock will now reserve them to supplement their scanty supply of winter keep.

KENTISH APPLES.—A correspondent tells us of a goff apple tree at Ryarsh which has yielded thirty-seven bushels this year, and also of a russet which has yielded thirty-three bushels.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A black hare has recently been taken in Sussex.—An albino weasel has been shot at Trumpington, near Cambridge.—On October 23rd a stormy petrel was found on a hedge not far from Stockbridge, in Hampshire. Very seldom is this sea bird driven so far inland.—On the 30th October a nightingale was seen at Woldingham, near Croydon.

HORSE SALES AND BREEDING.—The London and Brighton coach horses were recently sold by auction, and the prices realised—70 to 115 guineas—may be considered good.—The French Haras has bought during the past year fifteen Norfolk Breton stallions for 2,180*l.*, an average of 145*l.* 4*s.* a head. The Percheron stallions cost as much as 196*l.* per head.

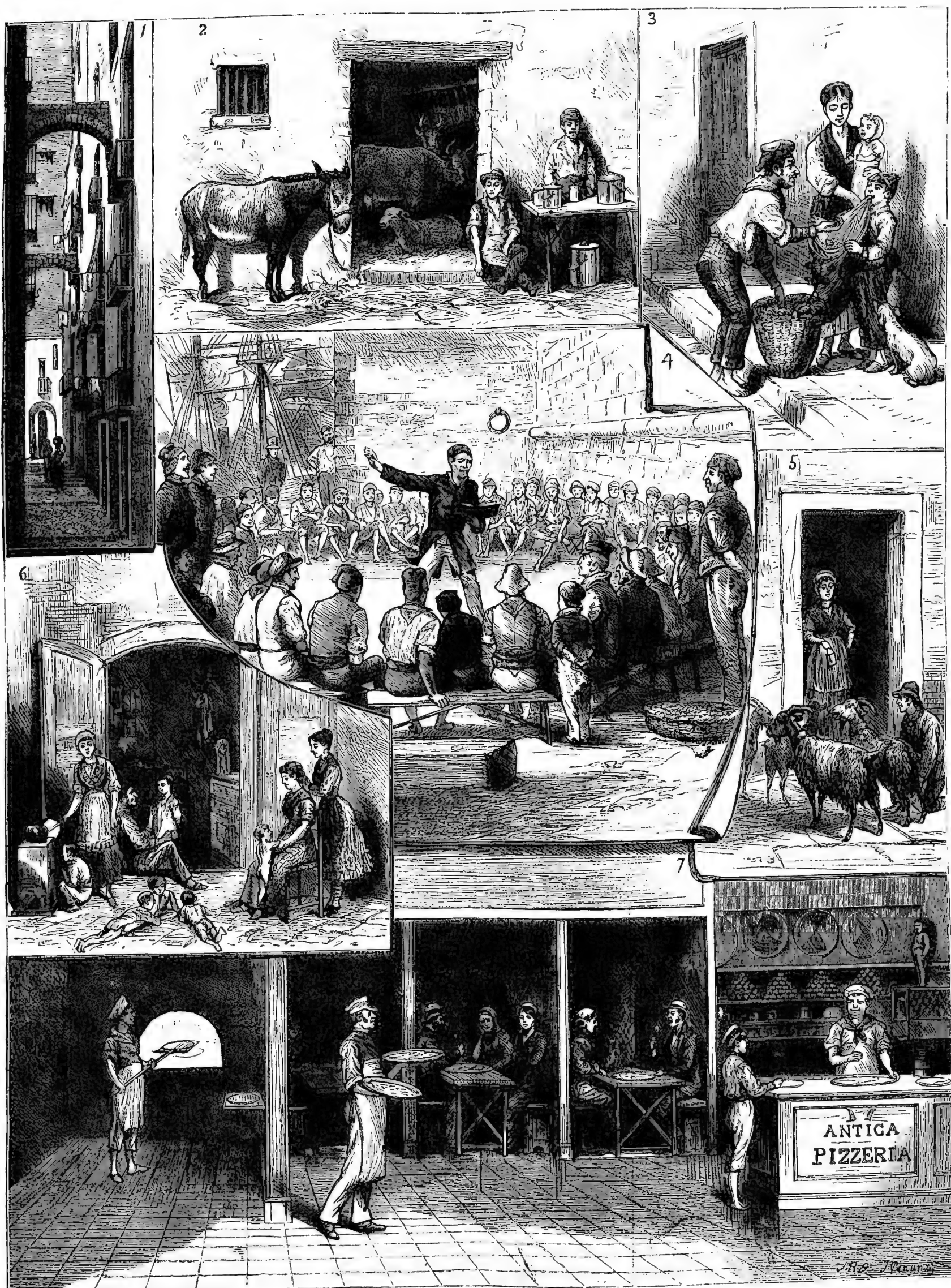
ENGLISH WHEAT SALES since harvest have been on a very fair scale, and during October were equal to a full half of our total requirements. Prices range from 45*s.* to 55*s.* according to quality, but there is a satisfactorily large proportion of heavy samples in fair condition, for which over 50*s.* is without difficulty obtainable.

NOVEMBER FLOWERS.—Although the penultimate month of the year is far from being known as a month of flowers, the number that may be now seen in bloom prohibits much more than a bare mention of their names. These are the knapweed, the pale pink-flowered soapwort, good for bruises; the scarlet balls of the black briony, the yellow cockscomb, with its seed-vessels rattling in the wind. Then there are the autumn squill, the big ox-eyed daisy, and perhaps in sheltered corners, a stray corn marigold. The garden people rejoice in the chrysanthemum, which is now to be seen in almost all colours. The really grand show in the Temple Gardens should not lack visitors.—At this season of the year the Brighton blue lobelia comes in very handy for front lines, associated with Alternantheras, which are the most brilliant dwarf foliage plants that we possess for winter use. The blue of the Brighton lobelia is a very pure light tint. At the present time in Lord Suffield's garden at Gunton Park there is a grand display of the *Lapageria*, both *rosea* and *alba*. Last on our list we have a monthly rose, a whole bed of which we saw in bloom the other day at Mr. Graham's at Hampton Court.

CATTLE.—The bull named Berkeley Duke of Oxford, which was sent out from England about two years ago, was at a recent sale in Australia sold for 2,500*l.*, being a profit of 1,900*l.* to the original purchaser.—Cattle to the value of thirty thousand pounds have just been shipped at Liverpool for Quebec.—Cattle disease has been all but extirpated in Kent, and is diminishing in Lancashire. The returns from Norfolk and Somerset, however, are less satisfactory. Cattle disease has broken out in Cornwall, a county previously free from contagion.—The restrictions at present in force with regard to the movement of cattle from England to Scotland have been renewed up to the end of November.

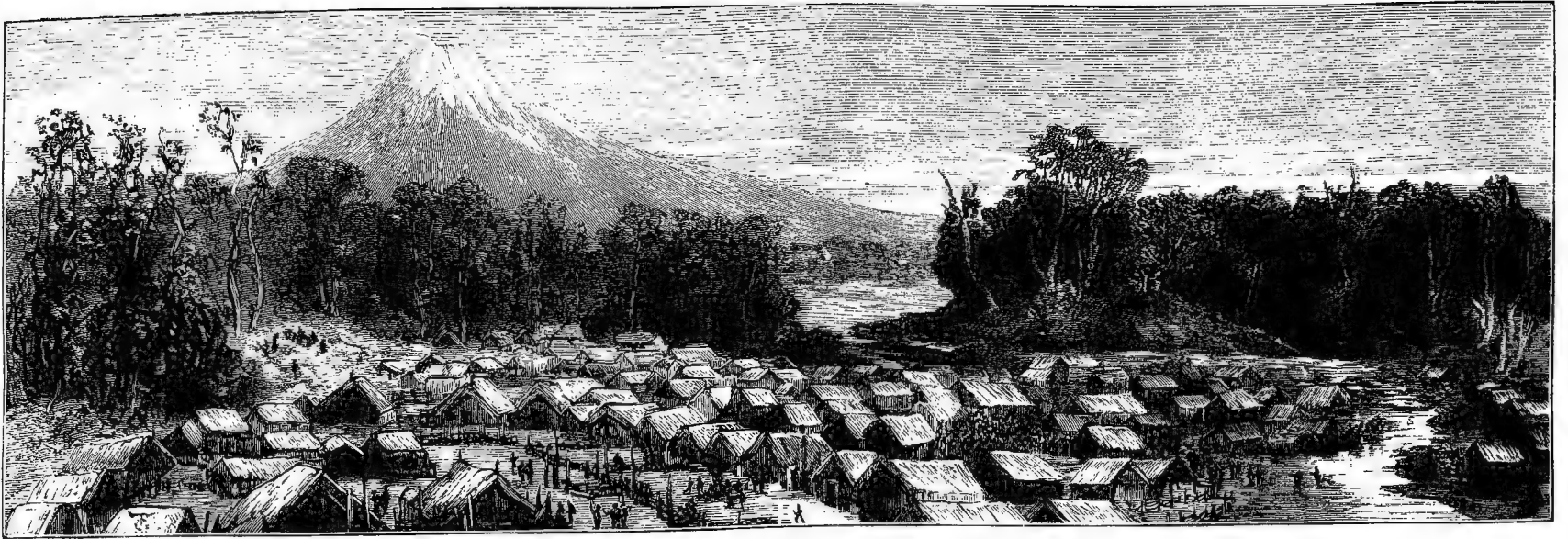
FARM HORSES.—The present being a busy time with the farmers, we would make a suggestion with regard to his horses. We know very well that when an animal has been in the fields for five or six hours at a stretch, hunger and thirst must predominate, and the horse on its return will at once rush to the trough and imbibe a large quantity of water, or get to the manger or hay-rack and eat as fast as it can dry food of any kind or nature to satisfy the natural cravings of the stomach. This hasty consumption of dry food and water is most injurious, and frequently leads to colic and gripes. Now a horse does not work on the land for four or five hours at a stretch without being stopped for a short time to rest, and why during such interval is not the noselag put on, as is the case with van horses in cities? It is a physiological fact that the horse for its size has the smallest stomach of any living animal, it must therefore stand to reason that it wants constant replenishing; not allowed to get thoroughly empty and then overgorged. Farmers who would bear this in mind would find their reward in the increased healthiness of their horses, and their consequently augmented capacity for work.

FLATTERING THE VOLUNTEERS.—There is no doubt that our chief Auxiliary Force is beginning to emerge from the shadow of neglect, not to say contempt, in which it had long lain hidden. The Review at Windsor, and perhaps still more the later one at Edinburgh, clearly demonstrated that the Volunteers were by no means such feeble, fine weather warriors as had been supposed by many very wise persons, both in and outside the War Office. As a consequence there is noticeable a general tendency on the part of most people to rush forward in a somewhat ill-judged and hysterical manner, and emphatically pat the civilian soldiers on the back, the meanwhile indulging in enthusiastic praise and wild flattery, which, however well intentioned, is, as those able to judge will admit, not only a little beside the mark, but calculated to spread considerable mischief, and perhaps in the end defeat the very objects which the country and the Volunteers alike most wish to see attained. Even Sir Stafford Northcote, usually so judicious and moderate, has been betrayed into using extravagant language, as may be gathered from the reports of his highly eulogistic speech to the 1st Exeter Rifle Volunteers when presenting their shooting prizes the other day. Rifle shooting, no doubt, should be the chief sport of the country, and Sir Stafford's reference to the famous efficiency and excellence of the archers of England in bygone times was extremely happy. His remarks on organisation, too, were much to the point. But in the general chorus of delight and satisfaction one or two important points are likely to be overlooked. For instance, contrary to the general belief, the percentage of what may be called fair shots in the Volunteer force is, we strongly suspect, rather less than greater than that in the Army, while it is extremely doubtful whether the mass of the rank and file could so much as hit a haystack at five hundred yards. The requirements of the authorities are, to begin with, merely infantile, besides which there are but very few men who do more firing than is necessary to comply with the regulations, which means they do very little indeed—next to nothing, in fact. Worse still, there is reason to fear that wholesale jobbery and corruption exist at the butts, and that, by bribing the sergeant in charge with a shilling, a "fair average score" can be recorded against a man's name, when, if the truth were known, he does not make a third of the minimum number of points that would constitute him "efficient." The fact is, a complete revolution is necessary in the matter of shooting before the Volunteers can deserve the effusive praise so indiscriminately bestowed upon them. And this remark applies equally as well to the Regulars, amongst whom the evils noted are quite as strongly rooted. Target shooting is a delusion and a snare, as the results of the Transvaal campaign clearly proved. What is wanted is more drilling at "judging distances," more shooting at unknown ranges, in order to make capable shots of either the Volunteers or Regulars. As to organisation, it is plain that, whilst progress has undoubtedly been made by corps individually, there is plenty of room for further improvement. Take, for instance, the single but highly important particular of brigade drills. As matters now stand only one such drill takes place in a year. The whole thing is a farce. One drill is hopelessly insufficient. Yet here in London hardly a Saturday is there but at least three, and often twice as many, corps are under arms, often in close proximity to each other, and apparently no effort is made to combine them for the purpose of most important exercise and instruction. That surely does not look like organisation. There are difficulties in the way, no doubt, but, so far, we see no reason why, with a little tact, common sense, and energy, they should not be overcome. They will have to be met sooner or later we may be sure, and the sooner the better for the Volunteers and the country.

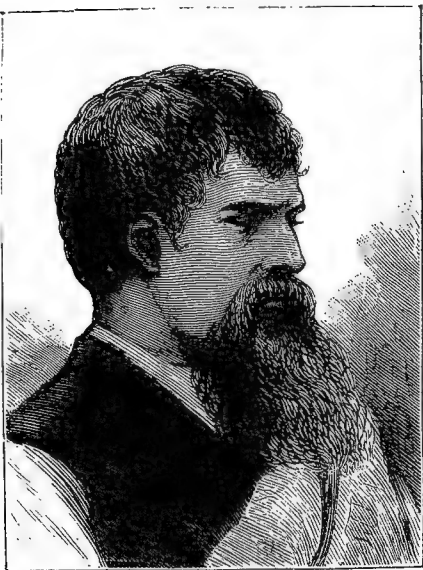


1. Narrow Street in Old Naples : Abode of the Lazzaroni.—2. A Milk Shop and Stable.—3. A Street Chestnut Dealer.—4. The Public Story Teller (Cantatore) and his Audience.—5. A Vendor of Goats' Milk.—6. A Lazzaroni Family at Home.—7. A Pastrycook's Shop.

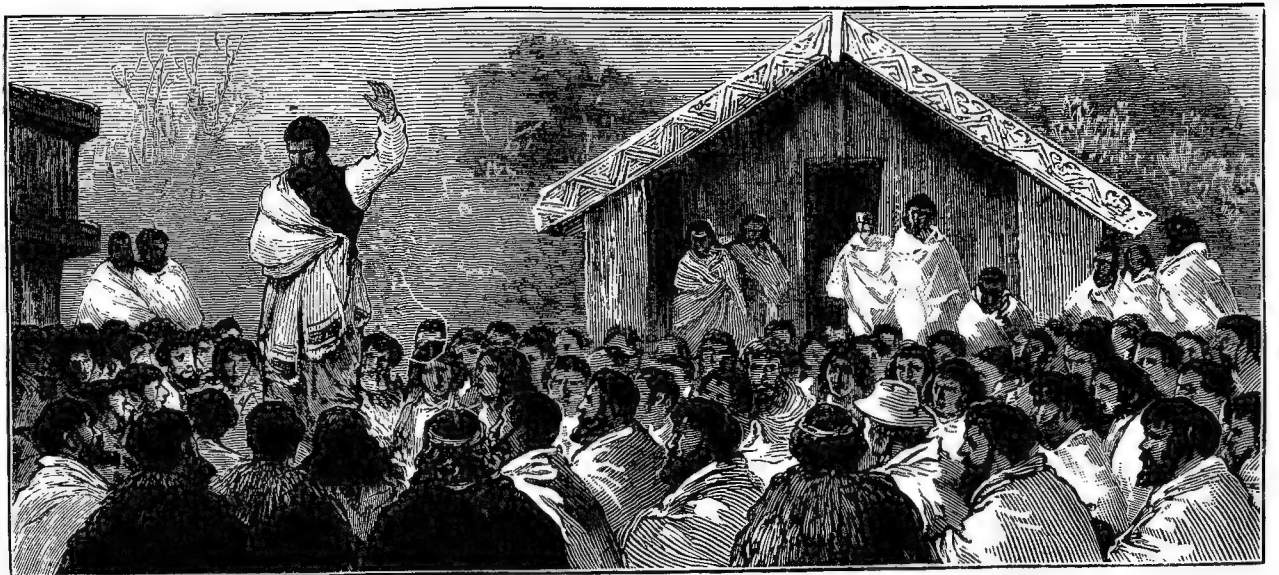
LIFE AND CHARACTER IN NAPLES



PARIHAKA, THE PRINCIPAL MAORI STRONGHOLD

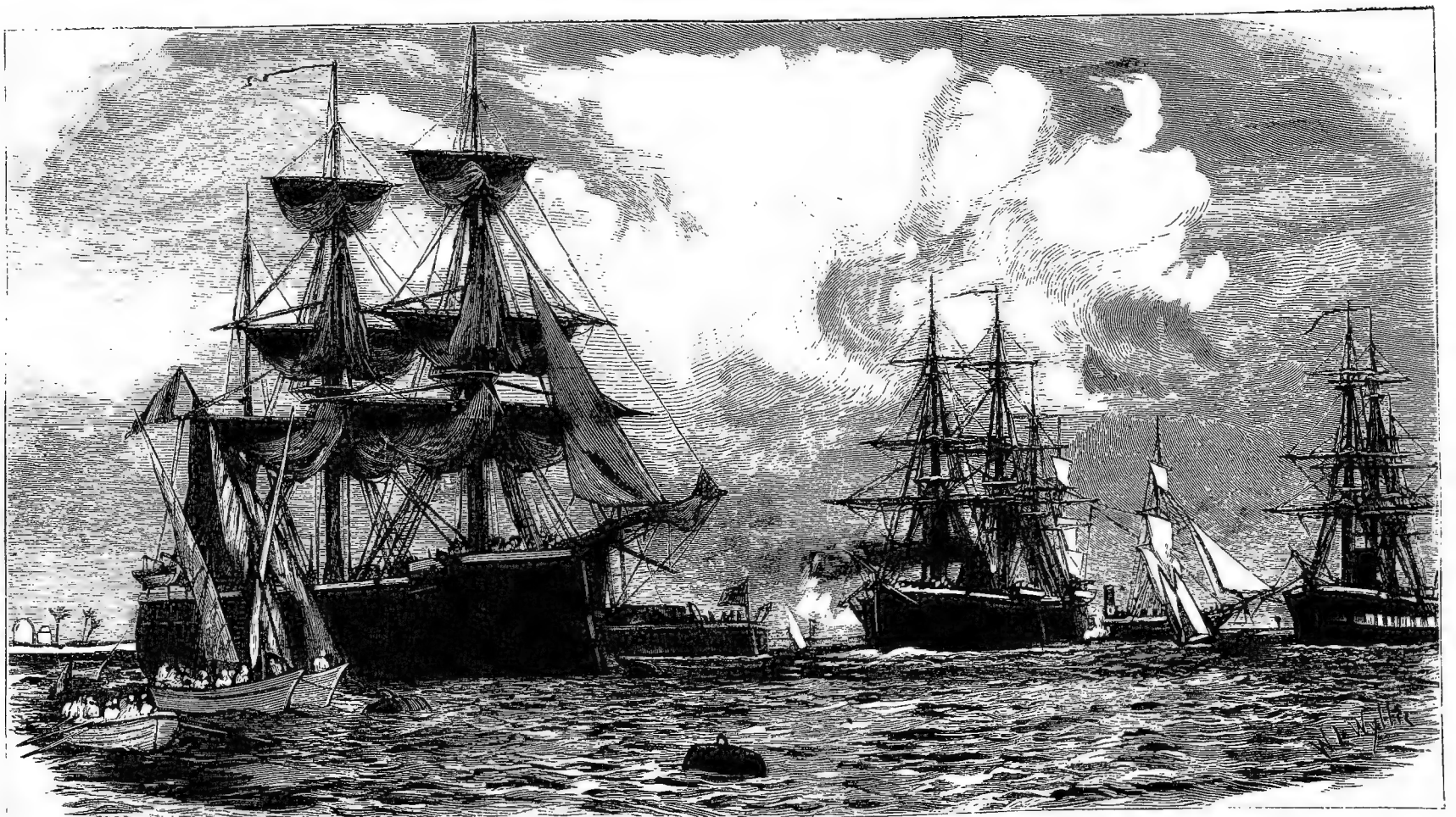


TE WHITI



THE PROPHET TE WHITI ADDRESSING A MEETING OF NATIVES

THE THREATENED MAORI RISING IN NEW ZEALAND



Alma (French)

Affondatore (Italian)

Invincible (British)

Zriny (Austrian)

Mehemet Ali (Egyptian)

THE RECENT TURKISH MISSION TO EGYPT — FOREIGN IRONCLADS IN THE HARBOUR OF ALEXANDRIA, OCT. 21



FRANCE.—The Tunisian debate has been the all-absorbing topic. Much to the surprise of both friends and foes, M. Jules Ferry, without waiting for any questions or interpellations, opened the subject himself on Saturday. Ignoring the very old adage of *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, he plunged into a long defence of the policy of the Government, cited the consent of the late Chamber to the expedition, denied that war had been declared against the Bey, as the French soldiers had marched in harmony side by side with his army, contended that the withdrawal of troops in June was not an electoral manoeuvre, but was due to sanitary reasons, boasted of having dealt a mortal blow to Moslem fanaticism by the capture of Kairwan, and eulogised the behaviour of the troops and the skill of the Generals. The speech, which was essentially weak in argument, greatly disappointed even the Ministerialists, and was very coldly received by the Assembly; and on Monday M. Naquet made a powerful onslaught on the Premier and his policy. He declared that the last Chamber had only sanctioned an expedition for the repression of frontier raids, and not for a permanent occupation, and accused the Ministry of either acting in bad faith, or of being utterly incapable—of either deceiving the Chamber with regard to the real nature of the expedition, or of not foreseeing the extent of the resistance to be encountered. He was followed by M. Le Faure, who commented severely upon General Farre and his action in taking men for the expedition from all parts of the army, which was thus disorganised. To this General Farre made a brief defensive reply, and then on Tuesday came the great speech of the debate—a most able denunciation of the whole expedition by M. Clémenceau, who based his arguments on official data. He shrewdly remarked with regard to the frontier line that it had been shifted to the confines of the Ottoman Empire, and that when "you come in contact with the Porte, you do not have to account with the Porte alone." He accused M. Roustan of having brought about the intervention of France in support of certain financial speculations, such as the Bona-Guelma Railway, the Enfidu Estate controversy, and the proposed Credit Foncier Agricole,—business enterprises which did not warrant a war. He stigmatised the occupation of the Bardo as an act of war, declared that the old Chamber and the country had no more sanctioned the Tunis expedition than France, in 1870, sanctioned the war with Prussia, and concluded by demanding a Committee of Inquiry. On Wednesday M. Jules Ferry—to borrow a legal phrase—replied upon the whole case, and emphatically denied the truth of M. Clémenceau's assertions regarding the three above-mentioned enterprises, and reiterated that the expedition was not a war against the Bey. When he had finished, a vote of censure was proposed by that ardent Legitimist, the Comte de Mun, but rejected; various orders of the day were then put and negatived, until finally M. Gambetta, in a few well-chosen words, in order that the debate should not "wind up by an avowal of impotence," proposed a perfectly neutral motion, "That the Chamber, resolved on the integral execution of the Treaty signed by the French nation on May 12th, now passes to the order of the day." This was voted by 379 to 71.

There is one noteworthy result of the debate—M. Ferry will decidedly not be included in the Gambetta Ministry. M. Naquet, whose speech was manifestly inspired by M. Gambetta, declared "that not one of the existing Cabinet could form part in the coming Administration," and he undoubtedly spoke with authority. There has been a tacit warfare between M. Grévy and M. Gambetta on the subject, and the latter has come out quite triumphant. Who will actually compose the Cabinet, however, beyond the names we mentioned last week, are not yet known.—There is comparatively little other political news. M. Brisson has been duly elected President of the Chamber, the Treaties of Commerce with Italy and Austria have been signed, and M. Albert Grévy has resigned the Governorship of Algeria.

IN PARIS there is little stirring. There has been one novelty at the theatres, a three-act operetta, by M. Lecocq, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, at the Nouveautés; and at a meeting of the much-talked-of Roman Catholic financial association, L'Union Générale, the chairman vigorously denied the truth of the various adverse reports, and it was agreed to increase the capital from 4,000,000l. to 6,000,000l., the new shares to be issued at 50 per cent. premium.

IN TUNIS, while politicians have been discussing the rights and wrongs of the expedition, the military authorities have been busily preparing for the southward march and for the permanent occupation of the country. General Saussier has insisted upon free access for the soldiers to the streets, and even to the most sacred mosques, of Kairwan, and has despatched a reconnoitring column towards Gebel Utat. The exact force of the insurgents is not yet known; but they are generally believed to number 50,000—a somewhat formidable army for even French troops to encounter in a mountainous region, as their previous experience in Algeria has shown them.

GERMANY.—The supplementary elections are resulting in further victories for the Liberals, while Breslau, the second largest city of the Empire, has succumbed to two Social Democrats, and a Social Democrat has also carried that clerical stronghold, Mayence. All eyes are now fixed upon Prince Bismarck, who is coming to Berlin to confer with the Emperor. That he regards the crisis as essentially serious is plain from an article in his organ, the *Post*, wherein it is declared that the Chancellor has "dejectedly confessed that the task of bringing the German people nearer to unity, or at least to union, at which he has laboured all his life with complete devotion, is now beyond his power." Worn out as he is by thirty years of hard, responsible toil in the field of *la haute politique*, he believes he has sufficiently performed his duties to his country, and would be justified in transferring a thankless task to other hands." The article goes on to speak of Prince Bismarck's great services, and of the ingratitude of the whole German Press, "which, with few exceptions, loads the only successful politician which Germany has produced for generations with calumnies and suspicion of the basest kind." The *North German Gazette*, with an equally authoritative tone, strikes another chord, and, while not speaking of resignation, hints broadly at dissolution. The position of affairs is certainly in every way perplexing. On the one hand, the Chancellor has a Parliamentary majority arrayed against him, with a special view to oppose measures to which he is pledged. On the other, the majority are composed of an indefinite number of political parties who agree sufficiently to unite in opposition to a common enemy, but who could in no way be induced to accept the leadership of any one man, if indeed—which there is not—there should be found a man ready and willing to undertake the arduous post of Prince Bismarck's successor. Meanwhile, the new Chamber is summoned to meet on the 17th inst.

TURKEY.—Finance is still the all-absorbing question, and the bondholders' delegates have now submitted to the Financial Commission the draft of a convention to be concluded between themselves and the Porte. The revenue to be apportioned to the service of each loan is stated, and interest at the rate of 1 per cent. is to be paid, together with a sinking fund of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. When the revenue available permits the payment of 2 per cent. interest the contribution to the sinking fund is also to be doubled.

EGYPT.—There are still further symptoms of a widespread agitation against foreign domination and interference in Egyptian

affairs, and it now appears that the Government is compelled to submit to the dictation of religious circles as completely as it was forced to yield to the military malcontents some weeks since. The suppression of the French journal *L'Égypte* is a proof of this, for it appears that it was only under the strongest pressure from the Mollahs that Cherif Pasha took so decided a measure. He has, however, suppressed the ultra military organ, the *El Hedjaz*, and it was quite time that he took some steps to check the anti-European ardour of the Arab journals, one of which represents Egypt as the prey of "two carnivorous lions, England and France," and accuses them of hiding their ultimate designs "under a knavish policy." A second journal also talking about being surrounded by lions, advocates the construction of forts and strong places, and the obtaining of arms "to defend ourselves against an enemy in case of need." Speaking of *The Times'* argument for an English occupation, England is reminded that Egypt is the sister of Afghanistan and the mother of India. "Its numerous and well-armed inhabitants must be treated in a more friendly manner than all others. They are gentle, but terrible with the terrible." A third paper speaks of the illustrious and heroic Ayoub Khan, and its editor is evidently ignorant of recent events, as he declares that "By the grace of God Ayoub is and will be always triumphant." Oh, human beings! he continues, "Oh, men who live in the nineteenth century, tell me what war is detested by God and Man? Is it that of the English in Afghanistan, who throw themselves into houses and dishonour women, or that of Ayoub Khan, who kills only the warrior, and who defends his life, that of his relatives, and his comrades?"

AUSTRIA.—The statement by M. de Kallay to the Hungarian Delegates has excited considerable interest. It appears that the interview at Dantzig between the Czar and the Emperor of Germany was held at the desire of the Czar merely to attest the friendly relations between the two Courts, while the visit of the King of Italy to Vienna was entirely due to his own initiative, and that both incidents implied a desire on the part of Russia and Italy to join in the pacific and conservative policy of the allied Empires of Austria—Hungary, and Germany.

In Bosnia, Austria is fast consolidating her administration, and the decree introducing compulsory militia service into the annexed provinces has been published. The insurgent chiefs have sent an address to Mr. Gladstone, setting forth their grievances at length. As our worthy Premier's sentiments towards Austria have been somewhat modified since his orations in Midlothian, we should question whether this appeal to "his sense of justice" will be as fruitful as his petitioners profess to believe.

INDIA.—There is no news from Afghanistan, and but little of note from India Proper. The Hindoos at Mooltan have accepted the compromise proposed by the Government of the dispute between themselves and the Mussulmans. The spire of one of their temples, which excited the jealousy of the Mahomedans, is to remain, but is not to be built higher, and the Mussulmans will obtain possession of a disputed well. There has been a serious disturbance at Pooree, where some fanatical Hindoo dissenters made an attack on the temple of Juggernaut, and were only expelled after a severe struggle, one man being killed. This sect profess a new revealed religion, and acknowledge the existence of three hundred million Hindoo deities, but do not respect their images, saying that it is impossible to represent a Supreme Being whom no one has ever seen. Their object in attacking Juggernaut was prompted by the belief that, if the idol were burnt, it would then convince the Hindoos of the futility of their religion.

An interesting official return on the education—or rather non-education—of European and Eurasian children has been issued, by which it is shown that some 5,000 such children in the Bengal Presidency alone are growing up in the most absolute ignorance.

UNITED STATES.—Mr. Sackville West, the new British Minister, received a most enthusiastic welcome at Philadelphia last week. A Reception Committee boarded the *Indiana*, and presented him with an address from the Mayor and citizens, and a grand banquet was given in his honour. At this Mr. Blaine proposed "Her Majesty's Health," assuring Mr. West that, "in loyalty to that lady, and admiration for that gracious Sovereign, the United States is not to be outdone, even by the people of England; and I offer that sentiment not with any discrimination against past Sovereigns, but for the first ruler of England that has been popular and beloved throughout the whole realm of Anglo-Saxon people." The Queen's health was drunk amidst enthusiastic cheering.

The Naval Advisory Board has reported to the Naval Secretary respecting the reorganisation of the Navy. It declares that the Navy only contains twenty-one efficient war-ships, and recommends the construction of forty-one ships of various classes, ironclads excepted, as the type is so rapidly changing that their building may be postponed until a fleet of ever-useful fast-sailing cruisers has been provided.—The State elections have taken place this week, but it is too early yet to speak of any definitive result.

General Sherman, in his Army report, asks for an increase of 20 per cent. on the present peace-footing of 25,000 men, and for the appointment of a Board to consider the matter of coast defence. The additional cost of the increased number of troops would be saved by the reduction of the transport charges, which are now very heavy, owing to the widely scattered condition of the troops, thus necessitating their being carried long distances upon any point being seriously threatened.



THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice spent part of last week at the Glassalt Shiel, returning to Balmoral on Saturday evening, and next morning Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. T. S. Marjoribanks officiated. In the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess visited the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh at Abergeldie Mains, and called to inquire after Mr. Begg, who had been taken ill in church during the Morning Service. On Monday Lord Northbrook arrived as Minister in Attendance, and joined the Queen and the Princess at dinner. Her Majesty will return to Windsor on or about Oct. 23rd.—The Court is in mourning until Monday for the Queen's late cousin, Duke Alexander of Württemberg.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining friends at Sandringham for the Prince's birthday. Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh the Prince joined his wife and daughters on Saturday, after two days' shooting at Herringswell, near Newmarket. Next morning, the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, the Duke of Edinburgh, and their guests attended Divine Service at the Church of St. Peter and Paul, West Newton, which was opened after restoration. On Monday the Duke of Edinburgh left Sandringham, and the Duke of Cambridge and the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale arrived. The Prince presented the gold medal for the year to Mr. G. A. Mossop, Captain of the King's Lynn Grammar School. Wednesday was the Prince's fortieth birthday, which was kept at Sandringham with the customary festivities, while salutes were fired and bells rung in Windsor and London, the usual illuminations taking place in the

evening. The guests at Sandringham have been shooting through the preserves, and last night (Friday), the Prince and Princess were to give a county ball.—Princes Albert-Victor and George, with the Detached Squadron, reached Kōbe (Hiogo) from Yokohama on the 4th inst., and were in excellent health. They will spend Christmas at Hong-Kong, arriving on December 24.

Princess Christian on Monday opened a Working Men's Club and Reading Room at Datchet, near Windsor. Prince Christian's elder sister, Princess Amelia, is staying at Cumberland Lodge, where the Duke of Connaught is also on a visit.—The Duke of Edinburgh is on a tour of inspection round the Liverpool district and the Welsh coasts. Arriving at Bristol on Wednesday he inspected H.M.S. *Dedalus*, then went to Portsmouth to visit the training-ship *Formidable*, and returned to the *Dedalus* to review the Bristol Naval Volunteers and Naval Reserve, leaving subsequently in the *Lively* for Wales.—Princess Louise last week visited the French Gallery. To-day (Saturday), she goes to Eaton Hall, Cheshire, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, where she will be joined by the Marquis of Lorne, who left Quebec on Saturday in the *Sardinian*.

The Empress of Germany is considerably better, and will shortly leave Baden for Coblenz. Her Majesty, however, is still weak, and it is suggested that she should spend the winter in some warmer climate.—The Queen of Spain is better.—Gatschina, where the Czar and Czarina are now staying, is surrounded night and day by a triple line of sentinels, and the gardens are illuminated nightly by the electric light, so that no one can approach unperceived.



THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER on Sunday afternoon preached his first sermon in the Abbey to a very large congregation. Choosing as his text part of the first verse of the 19th chapter of the Chronicles I., "And the work is great, for the palace is not for man, but for the Lord God," he first spoke of the work accomplished by David, and of the separate existence maintained for so many centuries by the Jewish nation. He went on to say that the Abbey, though associated with great human memories, was dedicated to a higher than human service as the House of Prayer, and concluded with an eloquent tribute to the character and services of the late Dean Stanley, whose inimitable and unapproachable work in the service of the Church and the nation could never be replaced.

THE NEW DEAN OF CARLISLE.—The Rev. John Oakley, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Hoxton, has been appointed to the Deanery of Carlisle, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Close. Mr. Oakley is an energetic clergyman, who, although a High Churchman, is very popular among the working classes on account of his Liberal political views, and his marked friendliness towards Nonconformists.

LAY HELP ON BOARD SHIP.—The Bishop of London has issued a circular to officers of the mercantile marine who take an active interest in the spiritual welfare of their crews, offering them the same Episcopal recognition and Christian fellowship as is extended to similar volunteer Church workers on shore.

MR. GREEN'S IMPRISONMENT continues to be the subject of protests from the Ritualists, who seem to be incapable of seeing the truth of the Bishop of Manchester's declaration that his cell is locked on the inside. On Monday a large meeting, convened by the Church of England Working Men's Society, was held in the City. Resolutions were adopted repudiating the recent judgments of the Courts, strongly deprecating the action of the Church Association, and petitioning the Queen to order the release of Mr. Green.

WAIVER-BREAD.—At Manchester, last week, a communicant at a Ritualistic church was fined by the stipendiary magistrate for "indecent behaviour" in having, instead of consuming the "wafer" given to him at the Communion Service, stuck it upon the binding of his Prayer Book, and afterwards exhibited it to people outside the church. The decision is to be appealed against, and the officiating clergyman is threatened with a counter-prosecution.

A SPECIAL SERVICE, held at Christ Church, Carmarthen, one day last week, was brought to a sudden and unexpected conclusion by the poisonous fumes from the heating apparatus, which so affected the clergyman and the congregation that they left the building immediately after the Benediction had been hurriedly pronounced, strong men tottering out, and many ladies going into hysterics, whilst the Vicar was so overcome that he had to be assisted home.

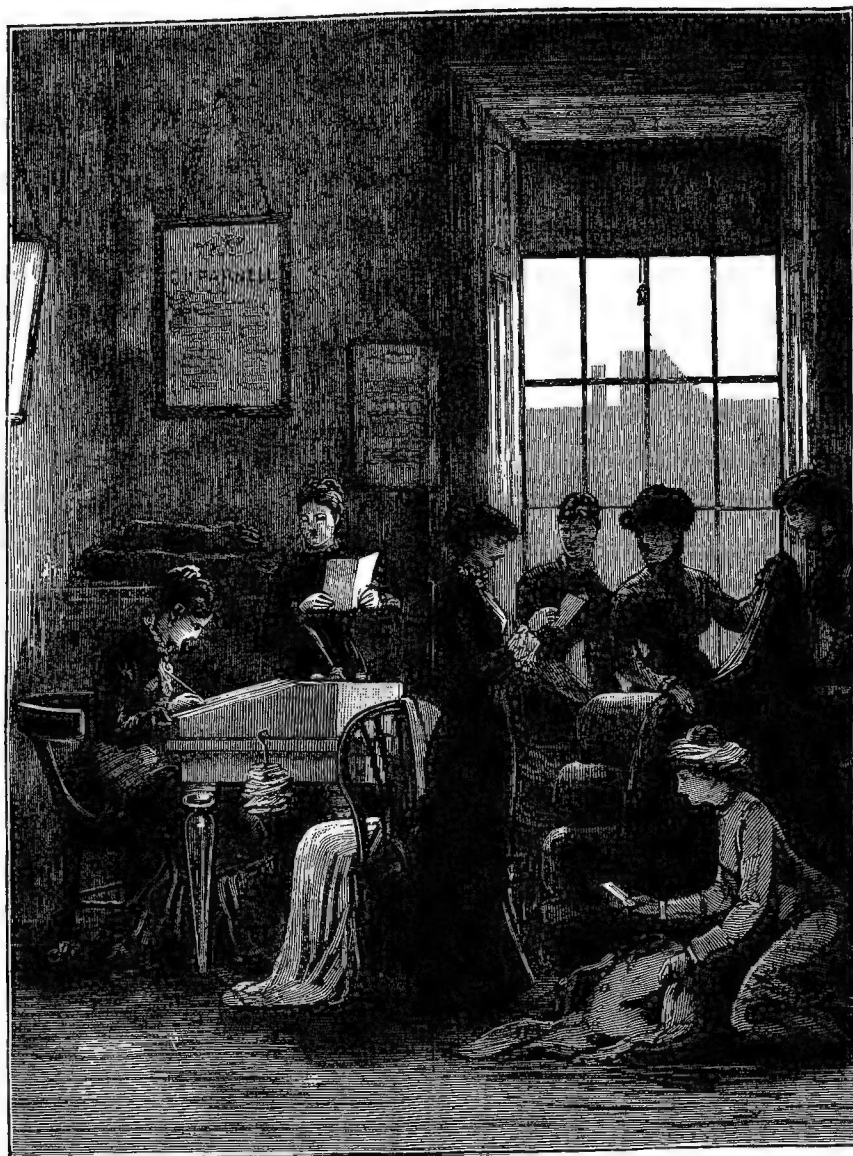
EXETER CATHEDRAL is about to be lighted with gas, the Dean and Chapter having at last consented to adopt suggestions which they have hitherto steadily refused, fearing to expose the fabric to the danger of fire. Why not try the electric light?

THE MOST REV. JOHN M'HALE, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, died, unexpectedly, on Monday at the advanced age of ninety. He was born at Tubbernavine, Mayo, educated at Maynooth, where he became Lecturer and Professor of Dogmatic Theology; consecrated Bishop in 1825, and succeeded to the Archiepiscopal See in 1834, little short of half a century ago. He was a profound scholar and acute theological controversialist, and was the author of Irish translations of the "Iliad" and "Moore's Melodies," as well as a number of works on Ecclesiastical and Biblical subjects. In politics he was an ardent Nationalist, and exhibited little sympathy with Home Rulers or Land League agitators, though he did not absolutely discountenance either. Dr. M'Evilly, Bishop of Galway, as coadjutor to the late Archbishop, succeeds by right to the See of Tuam, his diocese thereby becoming vacant.

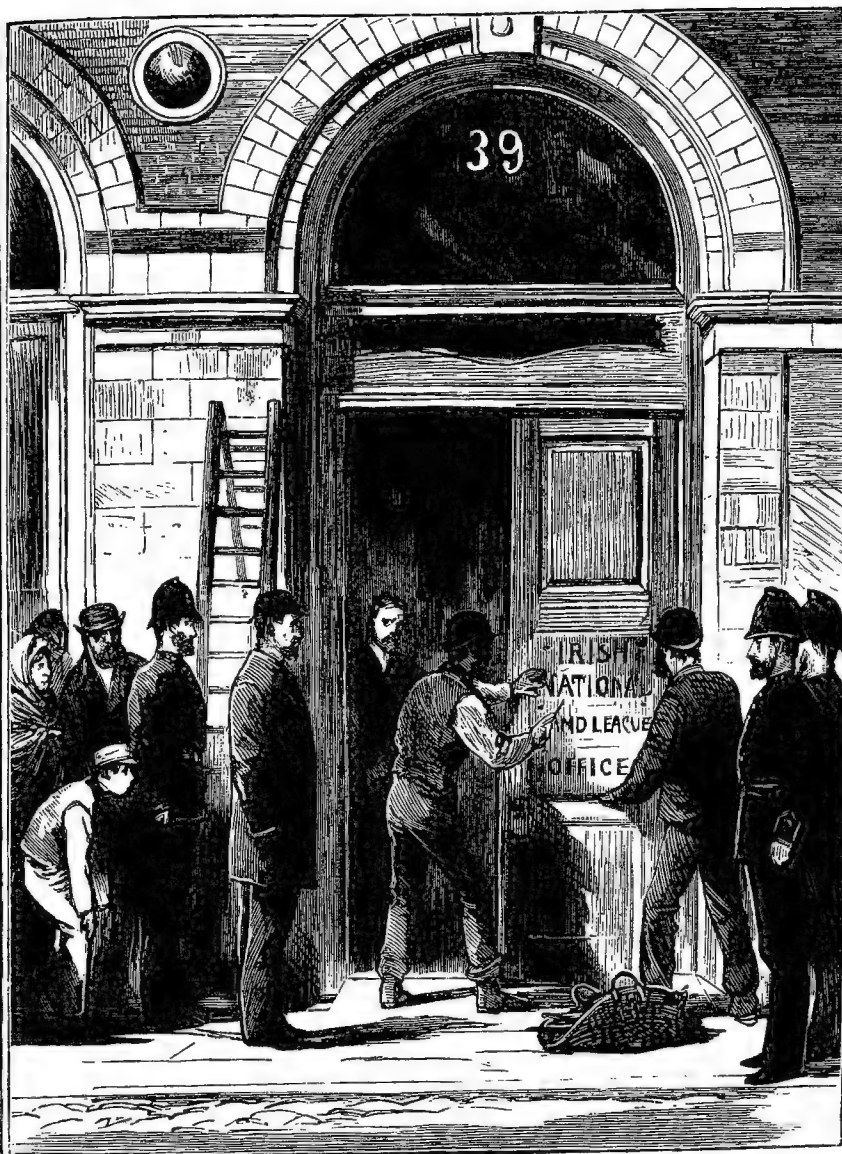


MR. BOUCAULT'S *Mimi*, which was produced at the COURT Theatre on Monday evening, is a rewritten version of his play of the same title which was brought out at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in 1873. Like the former piece, though in a less degree, it is based upon *La Vie de Bohème*, by Henri Mürger, or rather upon M. Théodore Barrière's dramatic adaptation of that story. *Mimi*, which Mr. Boucault tells us has been written by him with the desire of providing Miss Marion Terry a part suited to her talents and style of acting, possesses a pathetic story, and one of a kind which naturally gives rise to strong dramatic situations. It sets forth the love of a gipsy girl for a young gentleman who, after a romantic marriage with her in gipsy fashion, is persuaded by his aristocratic friends to return to his home, and to a young lady to whom he was originally betrothed. The gipsy girl in the end dies under circumstances which wring the heart of her faithless husband. But the scene failed to impress the audience, owing chiefly to the incongruous nature of some of the collateral incidents, and to a general lack of truth and moderation in the conduct of the story. Altogether *Mimi*, in spite of the acting of Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, in conjunction with performers so popular as Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Henry Neville, Mrs. Bernard Beere, and

THE TURF.—The Liverpool Autumn Meeting, held this week, maintains its popularity, and as usual has been patronised by a large contingent of Irish horses, which certainly imparts additional interest to some of our back-end gatherings. Theophrastus, an Irish horse but English-trained, opened the ball by winning the November Hurdle Race, but it may be noted that the Irish mare Funny Eyes, who ran second, can jump well and run fast. Mazurka, with the steady impost of 8 st. 12 lbs., won the Croxteth Cup for Lord Cadogan; and Croydon won two races for Sir John Astley, who seems more than lucky in his purchase of "platers" and "cast-offs." Haradrada, in the hands of Watts, who for the time wore the "Aske spots," won the Westmoreland Welter for Lord Zetland, and Lucy Glitters beat Hagioscope in the Liverpool Legger. In the Knowsley Nursery a hot favourite in Ulster Queen, who carried some pounds overweight for Archer's services, was beaten by the turned-loose Nectar; Linnaeus beat the once famous Sir Joseph in the Stewards' Cup; Glen'Albyn made another winning score for Sir John Astley in the Alt Welter, beating a field of thirteen; and Springtide—a hot favourite in a field of eight—put the City Cup to Lord Cadogan's credit. The Liverpool Cup we cannot refer to this week, as it is run a day later than is usually the case with the chief handicap of important meetings.—The odds and ends of Turf news and reports are numerous. Lord Falmouth has sold Silvio for 7,000*l.* to the Duc de Castries and the Marquis de St. Sauveur, who are about to form a new breeding stud in France.—At the sale of the late Mr. H. Savile's stud Cremorne was secured (as it is understood) for Mr. Augustus Lumley, and much satisfaction is felt in Turf circles that he will thus probably return to Rufford Abbey.—Ten yearlings, the property of the Duke of Westminster, have arrived at Porter's, at Kingsclere. Among them is an own sister to Bend Or.—Mr. Hungerford's horses in training at Bedford Cottage, Newmarket, will, it is said,

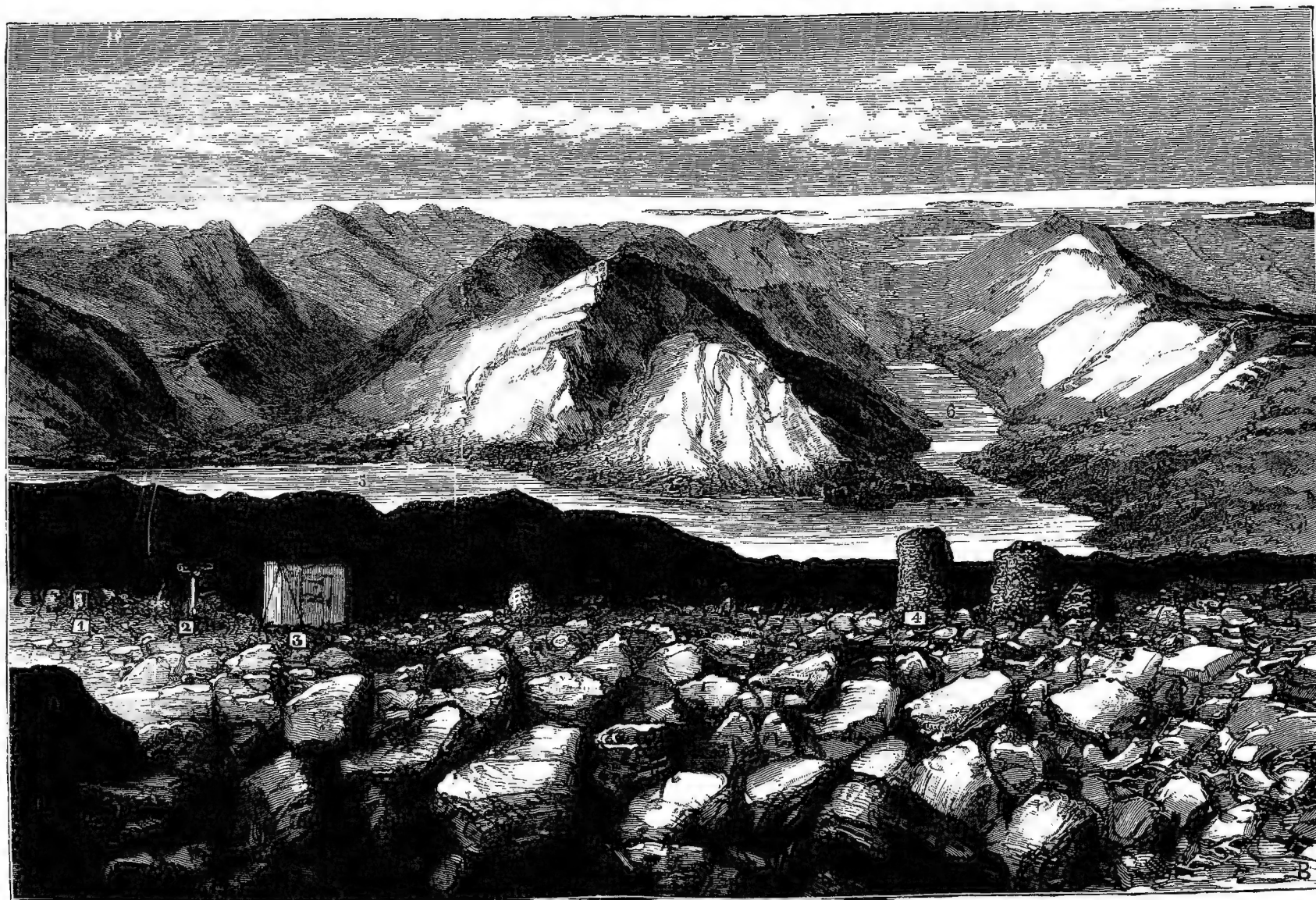


LADY LAND LEAGUERS AT WORK AT THE DUBLIN OFFICE



REMOVING THE NAME-PLATE FROM THE LAND LEAGUE OFFICE, DUBLIN

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND

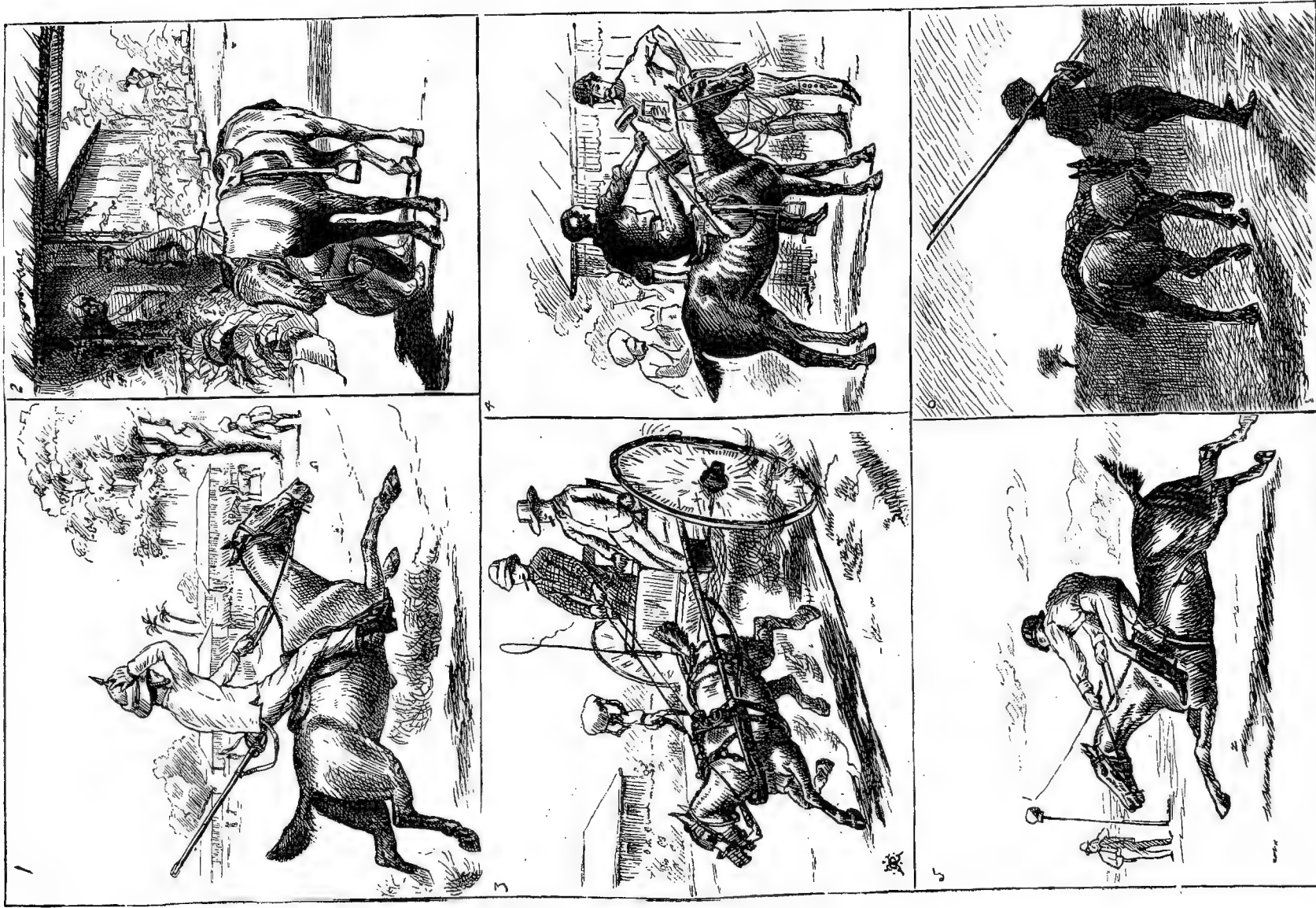


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THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY ON THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS



1. The Hill of Imlayatsa, where the Meeting was Held.—2. The Conference.
THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN SIR EVELYN WOOD AND THE ZULU CHIEFS, AUGUST 31



1. Going to Parade.—2. Peacocking.—3. In Harness.—4. Polo.—5. The Race Course.—6. Good Night.
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SUBALTERN'S "TAT"

soon change their quarters.—The rumour that Lord Lonsdale is about to form a racing stud under the mentorship of Captain Machell, seems to have good foundation. It is said that he has already purchased Cumberland and Brotherhood, and that Valour may possibly run in his colours this week in the Liverpool Cup.—The partnership between Sir G. Chetwynd and Mr. Higgins is about to be dissolved.—Mr. Keene, the owner of Foxhall, has, it is said, had an offer made to T. Cannon for his services as first jockey, but the proposition has been declined.—Archer and Wood up to the present time have ridden in nearly 1,000 races this year.—The action of the Jockey Club in advertising a defaulter in the "Calendar" seems to be generally disapproved of, and the proverb about "throwing stones" and "glass houses" has occurred to many minds. It is hard to understand why one defaulter should be gibbeted and scores left unnoticed, especially when the practice of "giving time" to the unfortunate is well recognised on the Turf.—News has come from Australia that the most important Antipodean Handicap has been won by the four-year-old Zulu, son of Barbarian and Maiden's Blush, the property of Mr. C. McDonnell; and that Segenhoe, the property of the Hon. J. White, now on a visit to this country, has carried off the Maribyrnong Plate, which ranks as the principal two-year-old race in the colonies.

COURSING.—In this department of sport matters have been pretty lively of late, and the weather has been very favourable for it.—At the Newmarket Champion Meeting the Champion Stakes for Puppies were divided between Lady Wodehouse's Wenonah and Mr. T. P. Hale's (Mr. Humphrey's) Hollingworth; the All-Aged Stakes were won by Mr. T. Case's (Mr. Postle's) Patchett; and the Chippenham were divided between Mr. Brunwin's False Hope and Mr. Rilly's Lizzie.—At the North of England Meeting (Ripon), Arylla, Cameron, and Helperthorpe divided the Produce Stakes; and down South, at the Sussex County gathering, the Brighton Stakes for Dog Puppies fell to Mr. Balch's Bacchus, and the Ford Stakes for the youngsters of the gentle sex to Mr. E. M. Crosse's Common Sense; while for a moment looking back Northwards it may be noted that at the Market Wrighton Meeting the Londesborough Stakes for All Ages were won by Mr. T. H. Thwaite's Twilight.

CRICKET.—The third annual meeting of Secretaries of Metropolitan Clubs has been held for arranging matches, &c., and the fact that no less than sixty clubs were represented bore witness to the excellency of the idea of these meetings, which originated with Mr. Alcock of the Surrey Club.—We learn that, on the 23rd ult., Shaw's Eleven at San Francisco made 178 runs against the Californians, but that the game had to be drawn in consequence of darkness coming on.—It seems pretty well settled now that the Australian team of cricketers who will visit us next summer will consist of Evans, Spofforth, Massie, Bonnor, Murdoch, C. Bannerman, and A. Bannerman from New South Wales; Boyle, Horan, Palmer, M'Shane, M'Donnell, Clackham from Victoria; and Jarvis from South Australia.

AQUATICS.—The final heat for the Cambridge Coxswainship Fours produced an splendid race between First Trinity and Jesus, the latter winning by three seconds. Three of the Jesus men rowed last year against Oxford at Putney, and were in the victorious Jesus Four in 1880.—On Saturday last a novel kind of race between two scullers of the Fitzroy Rowing Club, and two amateur runners, took place between Putney and Hammersmith, one of the runners giving the scullers fifty yards' start. It was a very fair race up to the Soap Works, but after this point the men on the path had the better of the men on the water, and won by about thirty yards.—From Toronto we learn that there is no abatement of the excitement and annoyance felt at the collapse of the Hanlan-Ross Championship Match, and further that Trickett still importunes the Champion to meet him. The result of all this will probably be that Hanlan will retire from rowing altogether, an event much to be deplored. From Australia the news comes that Laycock has taken his revenge on Rush for his defeat by him some little time back, and beaten the Clarence River champion by eight lengths in a well-contested race.

ATHLETICS.—At Oxford, T. E. Wells, of Magdalen, has been elected President of the O.U.A.C.; C. H. Cave of New, Secretary; and C. N. Jackson, of Hertford, re-elected Treasurer.—At the winter meeting of the London Athletic Club on Saturday last at Stamford Bridge, a capital afternoon's sport was witnessed. It was chiefly remarkable for a splendid performance by W. G. George, of the Moseley Harriers, who won the Three Miles Open Handicap from scratch, in a field of twenty-five starters, in the wonderfully quick time of 14 min. 42.4-secs., thus beating the previous best amateur record for that distance credited to J. Gibb—namely, 14 min. 46 secs. The Seven Miles Walking Challenge Cup was won by G. P. Beckley, in 57 min. 24 secs. Mr. P. Phillips was not opposed in the Quarter Mile Challenge Cup, and S. K. Holman secured an easy victory in the Mile Challenge Cup. The 100 Yards Members' Handicap was carried off by W. G. Parrell, 9 yards start; and the 300 Yards Challenge Cup Handicap fell to the lot of G. Pinnock, 20 yards start.

GOLF.—The autumn meeting of the London Scottish Golf Club was held on Thursday and Saturday last, over the Wimbeldon Links. The Stevens Cup, presented by the late Mr. William Stevens, was competed for on the first day, and was won by Mr. Alexander Crawford, with the splendid score of 83 strokes, after the handicap allowance of 7 had been deducted. On the second day the Bennet medal, for scratch players, presented by Mr. James Lindsay Bennet, brought out a goodly number of players, and at the finish Mr. Mackay was proclaimed the winner with 86 strokes.

DONKEY RACING.—This classical and exciting sport evidences signs of activity, as one owner of an "unknown" donkey will match his "moke" against "any other donkey in the world, bar Worth's Nat," while the proprietor of Troublesome Jack shows still greater spirit, and is open to run his long-eared quadruped against any other in the world, "bar none," over a four miles course, for 25/- or 50/- a-side.

SWIMMING.—Swimming contests and natatory exhibitions at public baths have of late years become very popular, both among professionals and amateurs; but it is well that the organisers of these entertainments should be reminded that advertising the names of "stars," without securing their shining, is something more than akin to obtaining money under false pretences. "Professors" and "Captains," &c., are often down in the programmes, but fail to put in an appearance.



THE NEW LAW OFFICERS FOR IRELAND.—The Lord Chancellorship, vacant by the resignation of Lord O'Hagan, has been conferred upon the Right Hon. Hugh Law, who will be succeeded in the Attorney-Generalship by Mr. William Moore Johnson, Q.C., M.P. for Mallow, now Solicitor-General, to which office Mr. Andrew Marshall Porter, Q.C., has been appointed.

THE INVIOLENT OF TELEGRAMS has been vindicated at the Manchester Assizes, where two betting men have been sentenced by Mr. Justice Kay to six months' imprisonment for inducing telegraph messengers to divulge to them the contents of messages relating to racing matters.

DEPOSITORS IN THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS' BANKS will not be over-pleased to learn that, in case of their money being dishonestly obtained by means of forgery and fraud, the authorities do not hold themselves liable for the loss. Last week a case of this kind was tried at Maidstone before Lord Coleridge, who sentenced the forger to seven years' penal servitude. Remarking on the observations of the prosecuting counsel that the Post Office authorities "would consider the matter, and he thought it likely that the money would be paid," his lordship said that a rule ought to be laid down one way or the other, for the depositors' security ought not to depend on mere lenity or favour.

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY have induced Sir J. Ingham, the Bow Street magistrate, to grant a summons against Professor Ferrier, of King's College, for an alleged breach of the Vivisection Act in carrying out experiments described as "frightful and shocking," without obtaining the necessary special licence. The Professor had operated on two monkeys, laying bare the surface of the brain, and gradually washing away portions of its substance by means of a stream of water. The immediate object of these experiments is said to be the study of the functions of the brain, and one of its practical results is a more correct diagnosis and effectual treatment of nerve deafness.

ANOMALOUS SENTENCES.—The difficulty of understanding upon what principle of equity certain widely-variant sentences for similar offences can be harmonised has often been noted. At Maidstone Assizes last week two soldiers, convicted of the manslaughter of a marine, no provocation being proved, or even alleged, were sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour by Baron Bramwell; whilst penal servitude for life was imposed by Lord Coleridge upon a farm labourer who had been found guilty of the manslaughter of his wife, who it was shown had given him great provocation. Again, at the Middlesex Sessions, Mr. T. Dunnington Fletcher, after sentencing a thief to five years' penal servitude, was informed that he had sixteen months still to serve on account of a previous conviction, which after stoutly denying he ultimately confessed; the magistrate immediately altered the sentence to fifteen months' hard labour and four years' police supervision, thus reducing the term of incarceration which he had originally imposed by three years and five months without any apparent reason whatever.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE ACTION brought by Miss Lamb against the Rev. Mr. Fryer at the Warwick Summer Assizes has been made the subject of appeal, on the ground that the 1,000/-

damages awarded were excessive; and a rule for a new trial has been granted by Baron Huddleston and Mr. Justice Hawkins.

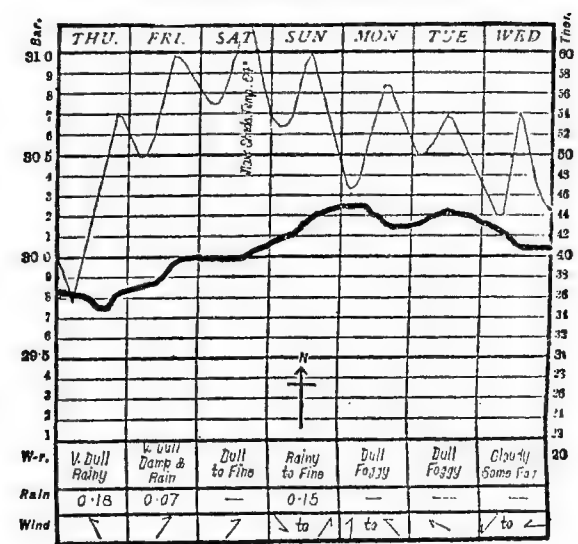
BURGLARIES are now being reported from all parts of the country. Among the most remarkable cases are the capture at Wincobank Hall, near Sheffield, of a burglar, after a desperate fight, during which the constable was wounded; and the successful raid made on Kelly House, Devonshire, in spite of the presence upon the premises of a police-sergeant, who had been sent for when a noise was heard earlier in the evening.—The residence of Baron Pollock, at Putney, was broken into last week, and 100/- worth of jewellery carried off.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.—The records of the Assize Courts in various parts of the country furnish a fearful list of murders and other crimes of violence. Sentence of death has been passed upon several wretched criminals besides Lefroy, whose trial we have noted elsewhere, amongst others upon a little servant girl aged fourteen for the murder of an infant left in her charge. She was, however, recommended to mercy, and there is little doubt that she will be reprieved. On Sunday at Wheatley, a village in Northamptonshire, a very aged farmer was brutally murdered whilst his wife and servants were at chapel. A lad named Snell, aged eighteen, who was in his employ, and whose clothes were bloodstained, has been arrested on suspicion.

AN ATTEMPT TO UPSET A TRAIN was made last Friday on the London and North Western Railway, near Blunham Station, where some miscreant had placed at intervals upon the metals a lorry, a number of timber-posts, and a sleeper. The engine of a passenger train struck the lorry; but fortunately did not leave the rails, or a very serious disaster might have ensued. The police have arrested on suspicion a man named Deane, a platelayer in the company's employ, who was seen on the line just before the discovery was made, and whose malice is supposed to have been excited by the refusal of promotion to a situation in the goods' department.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

NOV 3 TO NOV 9 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the beginning of this period the weather in the neighbourhood of London was under the influence of two systems—one an area of high pressure, which lay over Scandinavia, the other a series of depressions which were passing outside our western and northern coasts. The former seemed to have rather more effect upon our weather than the latter, and we accordingly find that a south-easterly wind was blowing, with dull, rainy weather, and a low temperature. On Friday (4th inst.) the depressions in the west and north passed away, and a second high pressure area made up over France, the effect of these changes being to draw our wind into south-west, and to bring about a very decided rise in temperature. The thermometer at eight A.M. on Friday (4th inst.) showed no less than 20° higher than at the same hour on Thursday (3rd inst.). The weather continued in this state until Monday (7th inst.), when pressure gave way over France, and left us once more under the influence of the Scandinavian anticyclone. The wind now returned to the south-eastward, and the thermometer fell, but up to the present time it has not reached so low a point as at the commencement of the week. The weather was dull and foggy on Monday and Tuesday (7th and 8th inst.), and fair and misty on Wednesday (9th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.26 inches) on Monday (7th inst.); lowest (29.77 inches) on Thursday (3rd inst.); range, 0.49 inches. Temperature was highest (64°) on Saturday (5th inst.); lowest (35°) on Thursday (3rd inst.); range, 28°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.40 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.18 inches) on Thursday (3rd inst.).

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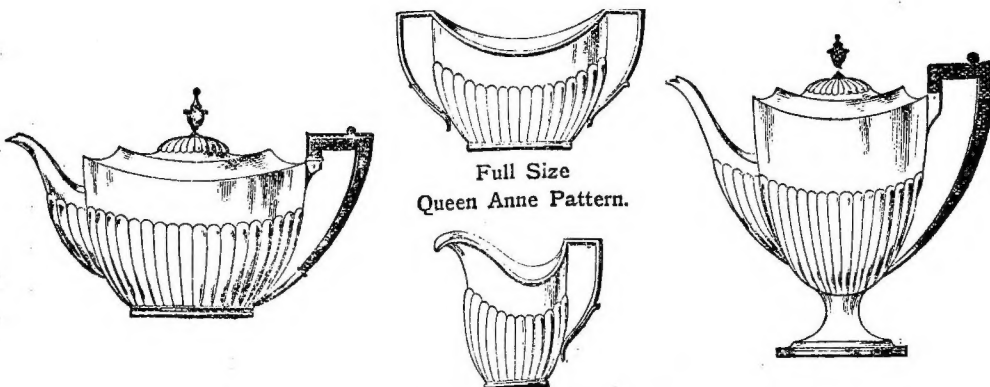
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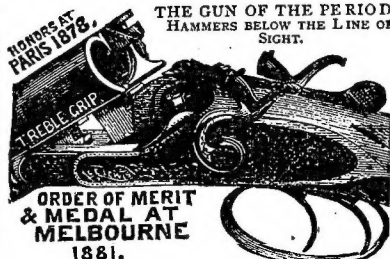
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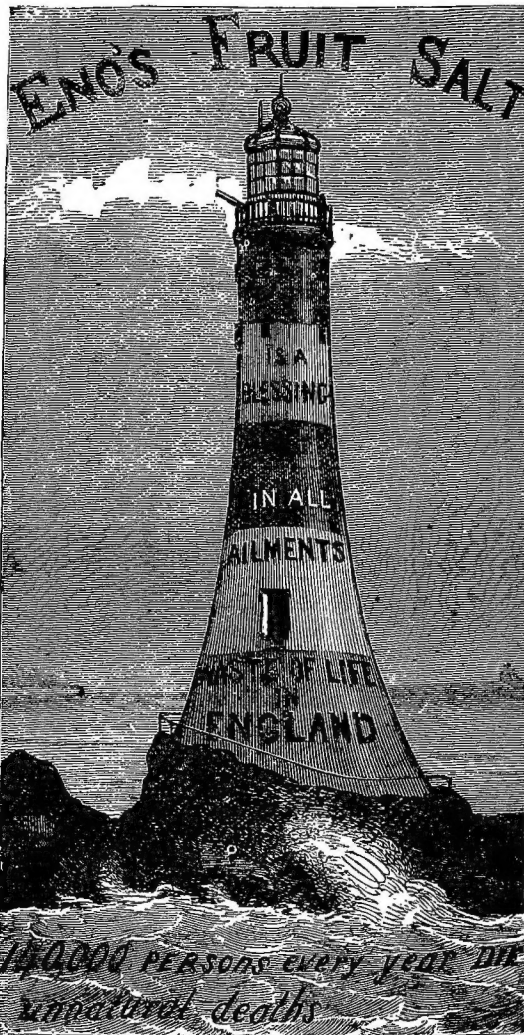
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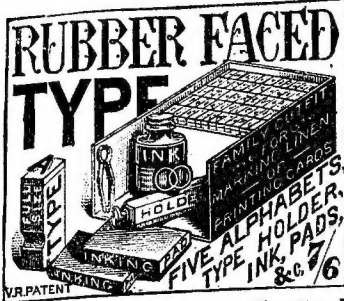
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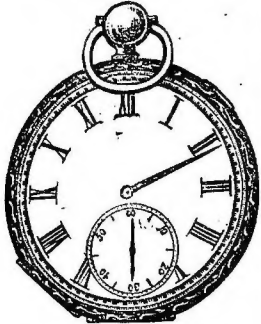
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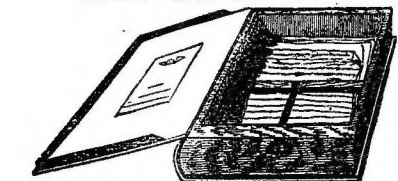
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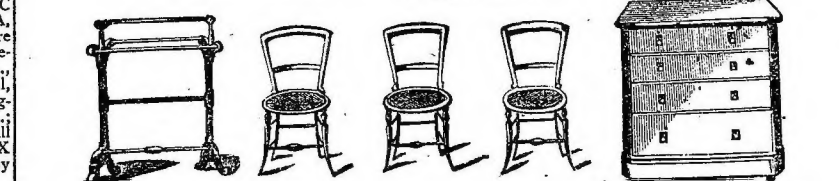
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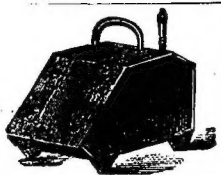
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